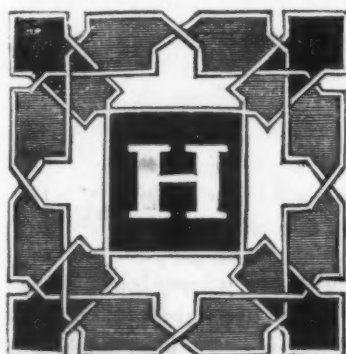


ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1845.

THE TRUSTY GUARDIAN.*

BY FANNY GRAY.



HARRY! that was wrong. How could you strike old Rover?"

"Because he stepped on my kite with his big heavy foot, and like to made a hole in it," replied the boy, a

lad of ten years old; who had been reprov'd by his mother for striking a faithful old house dog.

"But Rover did n't do it on purpose. He did n't mean to break your kite."

"I do n't suppose he did. But he had no business to tread on my kite. He's big enough to know better, I should think—and old enough too."

"He's old enough to be a very wise dog, Harry: and so I think he is—much wiser as a dog, that you are as a boy. If he had been as foolish and passionate a dog as you are a boy, he would have

turned round and bit you, instead of walking off as he did with a look of grief at your bad treatment. I am sorry that you should treat Rover unkindly—you of all others."

"Why me of all others, mother?"

"Have I never told you how Rover saved your life?"

"No! How was it mother? When did he save my life? Tell me."

"Are you not sorry that you struck the faithful old dog?"

"Yes, I am; I was a naughty boy. But tell me how he saved my life, mother."

"You were once a very little boy, just like your dear brother Willy. It was in the summer time, just as it is now, and you used to run about in the garden, and gather the flowers and pick fruit, and sometimes lie down and fall asleep upon the grass. Rover was younger then; and a fine, large, active dog. He was very fond of you, and when you were out alone at play he would always keep with you, as if he were afraid you might get into danger.

"One day you went into the garden with your little basket, and gathered it full of flowers. Rover was asleep on the other side of the house, and did not see you go out. I was looking from the window, and all at once I saw Rover start up and come running into the house. He acted as if some one had called him. After running through all the rooms below, I heard his big feet on the stairs. He came up with two or three heavy bounds. Entering into my room, he looked all around and then up into my face.

* The steel plate accompaniment to this little sketch, as well as the sketch itself, will please, perhaps, the juvenile members of the family circle better than their grown up brothers and sisters, aunts and uncles, whose tastes are more critical and severe. The mothers will all be on the side of the little folks. And with them in our favor we shall do very well.

The plate itself, though a great deal of work has been put upon it by the artist, is not finished up in the delicate graceful style, so much in vogue now. But the subject was so fine a one, that we took the engraving in spite of the drawback just mentioned.—Ed.

"Where's Harry, Rover?" I said, for the thought of you came instantly into my mind. 'Go and find him, sir.'

"The dog understood me. He turned short away, sprang down stairs, and out into the garden. I followed him, for I felt strangely concerned about you. As I approached the lower part of the garden, I heard Rover growling, and soon saw him shaking something in his mouth with great violence, while the hair on his body stood out straight stiff like bristles. Close beside him, you lay asleeping calmly on a bank. You may suppose I was almost horror struck, when

I came near enough, to see a venomous snake in Rover's mouth. The faithful dog had, doubtless, saved your life. And you,—ah Harry! think of it—and you have been so thoughtless and cruel as to strike Rover!"

The boy, at this, burst into tears, and hid his face in his mother's lap. He continued to weep for some time; then he went after the faithful animal, and when he had found him, he caressed him, and talked to him in such a kind way, that Rover, who never held resentment, forgot in an instant the blow he had received, and was as happy again as an old dog could be.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

"SHE walked among the great of earth
And went in gay attire,
And spoke in gladsome tones of mirth,
Like music from a lyre—
But lo! a change is on her life—
Her days of glory gone."

MELLEN.



WAS journeying in Vermont;—it is many years since, and in the interval I have both enjoyed and suffered much; but the scene I then witnessed still rises before me, clear and defined as a landscape under the bright beams of an unclouded April sun.

If the snow king ever holds his levee in our republic, I think his drawing room must be Vermont; and whoever wishes to witness a snow-storm, in all its gloom, grandeur, sound and fury, let him cross the Green Mountains about the first of February, and travel to Middlebury, with a north-wester raging in his path, and sweeping onward like a host moving to battle.

"A pretty severe storm, sir, and blows like a hurricane," said the landlord to my uncle.

"Well, we must face it as far as Brandon, at any rate," said my uncle. "Susan dear, wrap your cloak more closely, so—high up over your face; you will hardly care to look about you this cold morning."

"But, uncle, I must see where I am going; pray let me have one eye uncovered. You know I never am cold," said I, as my kind uncle was proceeding to envelop me in tippet, shawls and wrappings, with as much zeal as though we were undertaking an expedition to the north pole.

"You will hardly make that boast when you reach Brandon, young lady," said the landlord, as he spread his great red hands over the fire, with a shiver that made my blood chill.

"I promised your mother that you should be well taken care of," said my uncle, continuing his swathing operations. "The morning is very cold and tempestuous, and if I were not obliged to reach Brandon to-night on business of importance, I would not hazard the danger of exposing you to the storm. As it is, we must go on, but I shall guard you as far as possible from the danger. Your mother will be thinking of you all day, Susan."

This appeal touched my heart, for I well knew my mother's solicitude respecting my health, which was not good, though the buoyancy of youthful spirits sustained my own hopes and cheerfulness. But as the image of my mother rose before me, in all her care and affection, the

injunctions and warnings which that affection had prompted were well remembered. How often had my mother told me of those who had injured their constitutions, and brought on severe and dangerous disorders, by imprudent exposures to the cold and dampness of our changeable climate! "O, yes, the precious life of many a fair American girl," my mother would say, "is yearly sacrificed to her passion for display!"

Strange infatuation, which can induce a delicate young lady to go abroad in the cold winter weather, displaying her beautiful feet, in open-worked silk hose and thin soled shoes, on the frozen or damp pavements! Each step is towards her tomb. Yet will she often laugh at the solicitude of those who warn her of the danger, even while she feels the chill of disease or death creeping over her exhausted frame. Are reason and fashion always to be incompatible? Must comfort and common sense always yield to the demands of variety and the passion for show? But I am inditing a story, not a lecture.

Fortunately for our safety, we had crossed the Green Mountains before the storm gathered its power; but on the morning we left Rutland the whole horizon was dark and thick with a tempest of snow. It seemed to fall in masses, as the strong and terrible wind gathered it up, and poured it around and over us with a fury that more than once caused the stout and well-trained horses of my uncle to stop and cower down in the path like frightened sheep, till his voice and whip roused and forced them to exertion.

We traveled in an open sleigh, as was the universal winter fashion, in the interior of New England some five and twenty years ago. There were then few mail coaches, and every gentleman drove his own vehicle, when he took a journey—his wealth and respectability being inferred from the beauty and worth of the horses and sleigh,—and I remember I was not a little proud of the show my uncle's made.

How piercing was the terrible cold! It makes me shudder, even now, to recall the sensations of that day's ride. The events were not of much consequence. I had nothing to occupy my mind, save thoughts of keeping myself warm and closely covered. The first was impossible. The seven-fold shield of Ajax would not have excluded the keen and bitter air. But I kept snugly enveloped in the shawls and furs, and made no complaints, for which good behaviour my kind uncle gave me, afterwards, much praise.

Some writers call patience a frigid virtue; perhaps for the reason that excessive cold makes us indifferent to whatever may happen. This kind of patience it was that I exhibited; though my uncle ascribed it to much more worthy feeling

We reached Brandon alive, though I was hardly sensible of life, late in the afternoon, and found the common parlor filled with fugitives from the storm; every body complaining of the dreadful cold, and telling of hair-breadth 'scapes and dangers innumerable. There must be, in the human mind, an innate propensity to hear "dreadful accidents," or to tell them,—I am not certain which it should be termed.

"Susan," said my uncle, when he had become sufficiently warmed to take an observation—"Susan, I must see Mr. — this evening, and shall, probably, be obliged to pass the night at his house. You cannot remain among this crowd of people. I will order a fire in a private room, and direct the landlady to furnish you with books, and a cup of tea, and you must order every thing you want and make yourself as comfortable as possible; travelers are always at home in a public house!"

"Home!" the word brought tears to my eyes. This was my first journey: I was but a child, hardly entered on my teens, and I confess I was so frightened, that I trembled at the thought of passing the night in such a strange place, with no friend or protector near me. My uncle, intent on his own important business, did not seem to notice my emotion, but summoned the landlady, and very formally, for he was precise as a Prussian officer need be, entrusted me to her care. She was a queer looking woman, and so oddly dressed, that, had I not felt in some trouble, I might have found it difficult to restrain a laugh at her appearance. But she smiled kindly on me, and I really was grateful when she said,

"Ah, trust the little Miss to me—I will take as good care of her as though she was my own *dafter*." This was the first and only time I ever heard the word *daughter* so pronounced; but why should it not follow the same rule as *laughter*, pronounced *lafter*? Has Noah Webster solved this question?

At last my apartment was ready, and the landlady conducted me through a long entry or hall, and several winding passages to a small room, which she said was her own parlor in the summer, "because its window opened on the garden, and she so loved to see the flowers!"

I remember looking on her with amazement at this declaration. Could such an old, ungraceful looking woman have any taste for flowers? How apt is youth to judge the mind and heart by external indication! It is only by experience we learn that things of lovely seeming are not always the loveliest.

The apartment, however, pleased me; so neat and comfortable, and the capacious fire-place, piled with dry wood, blazed gloriously. It was

a beautiful sight to me, yet shivering from the effects of my cold ride. The good landlady arranged a deep cushioned chair close to the hearth, drew the table near, on which she placed two lighted candles, closed the shutters, and telling me that my tea should be sent in soon, was leaving the room.

"But a book, madam."

"Ah, yes—here is the prettiest one in the house;" and she handed me "The Exiles of Siberia."

The book seemed very appropriate to the season, and though I had read it, that was no objection, as I could then find pleasure in reading over and over a work that interested me. Children and youth are fond of this repetition, if their minds are not excited by injudiciously presenting novelties and tempting them to continual change and consequently excess, which as surely vitiates the mental taste, as the confectionary and condiments often allowed children, destroy their relish for healthy simple food.

I was soon deep in the story of poor Elizabeth; and in the horrors of a Siberian writer had quite forgotten my own sufferings from the cold. Indeed, my mind was so completely engrossed, that I did not hear my door open, nor notice the entrance of the landlady with a party of travelers, till the loud cry of a child sounded close to my ear. I started up, and before me stood a vision of female loveliness, such as I had sometimes dreamed of, when reading the description of a heroine of romance, but which I had never seriously thought could be found on earth—such as I never saw before or since that time.

The lady had evidently been sometime in the common parlor, and had partially warmed her, and thrown off her outward wrappings; her velvet bonnet was untied, and the heavy plumes floated over her shoulder, from whence hung, in graceful folds the ermine-lined cloak, which had been unclasped from her fair throat, and as it fell back, disclosed the richly embroidered traveling habit, with its chemisette of the finest worked French muslin; among the plaits glistened a beautiful gold chain, which was linked in many a curious fold, as though it sustained something very precious to the wearer.

I name all these particulars of her costume, (which a glance revealed, though a word cannot describe) not as enhancing the loveliness of the lady, but because of the effect of the whole on my own feelings. It was like enchantment. Such beauty of person—such elegance of dress—such majesty of mien! and to meet thus, in a little village in Vermont, with the perfection of those charms and graces which I had supposed could be found only in the capitals of the old

world, where titled and high born ladies were trained in courtly halls and accustomed to princely grandeur! Was not this lovely creature an exile from some splendid palace? The thought crossed my mind, and naturally enough, for I had been reading of the exiled Sobieski.

I presume the lady was aware of my admiration, for she smiled with that peculiar sweetness which the complacency arising from gratified feelings inspires, as she said—"Are you willing to admit a party of poor, perishing wanderers to the comforts of your pleasant room?"

I do not recollect my answer; but I know well that I urged her to accept the cushioned chair, and then hastened to assist in unrobing the child, which the nurse, with her frozen fingers, could scarcely perform. The little creature had been nearly smothered by the carefulness of the nurse to guard her charge from the cold; and when relieved from her bondage of blankets, she used her liberty, like the majority of the newly emancipated, in making all the uproar and trouble possible. We had just succeeded in quieting her screams, when in stalked a tall, dark looking man, closely buttoned in his over coat, and without a word or look of recognition to the lady, he drew a chair and seated himself so near the fire as to intercept its warmth from her; a very rude piece of conduct, I thought, and I felt quite indignant.

"My husband," said the sweet lady, turning to me—"my love (addressing him,) this young lady is so kind as to allow us to share her parlor, otherwise we must have suffered great inconvenience."

He gave me a slight bow and a broad stare, and then settled his steadfast gaze on the fire. What a contrast did that couple present! I thought of many comparisons, but a fiend and an angel was the most significant. Yet the man was not ugly. I dare say he had, when single, been called a prodigiously fine young gentleman, and that too by ladies of good taste. He was not ugly, but he looked wicked; and his manner to his wife struck me as unkind and repulsive; all her attempts, and she made many, to draw him into conversation, were vain; he would answer only in monosyllables, and it appeared to me that he did not heed or hardly hear a word she said. I did not dare open my lips to speak before him, and glad enough was I when tea was over and the gentleman rose to go.

"You will return soon, Mr. Erskine?" said the lady, inquiringly, and in a soft, pleading tone.

"Yes—in an hour,"—he replied, gruffly.

"Why can she wish to have him near her?" thought I, as he closed the door. But I saw she

looked troubled or tired, and I hastened to inquire if I could do any thing for her.

"Only read to me a little, if you please. It will save me from thinking." She took my book—"Ah, the Exiles of Siberia! I too am an exile."

"I thought so—I was sure you must be from Europe," said I eagerly. "I was sure you must be a—heroine."

She smiled—"I have been in Europe, dear, and enjoyed many romantic scenes; but I am not a heroine of romance—I have had too many *real* sorrows."

"And are not the sorrows of a heroine *real*? I am sure I have wept over novels, often and often, and felt that the griefs described were real."

She shook her head and looked so sad, that I fancied she was about to tell me her own story, which I was longing to hear—but after a few minutes she smiled cheerfully again, and began to describe her travels in Europe. She had lived more than a year in Paris, had visited Florence, Rome, Naples, Vienna—and she ran over, to me, a catalogue of wonders. I remember, even now, with what delight I hung on her fascinating descriptions. Her grace of manner, the ease and eloquence of her language, the matchless beauty of her countenance, whose expression varied with every varying emotion she felt or communicated—all combined to hold me spell bound. I would have looked and listened for ever. She seemed a being made to be worshiped—*almost*.

"What is the hour?" said Mr. Erskine. He came in very abruptly and stood beside us.

"Bless me—half past nine already!" said his wife. She had drawn out her watch, which was, I observed, set with brilliants.

"Let me see," said the husband, and he took the watch from her hand as though he would hold it nearer the candle. "Let me have it a few minutes," he continued, endeavoring to take the chain from her neck, which I thought she resisted. "Let me take it, I say," and he bent his eye sternly upon her.

"Oh! no, my love—do not take it. See it is looped round and round. Do not take it. Why should you want it?"

"Just to see how long it takes me to write my letter. I will return it. Do n't be a fool!" He spoke roughly; and as if unable to bear such rudeness before a witness, she yielded the watch and chain to him.

There was a long silence after he had left the room. I saw, by the heaving of her bosom that she was agitated, but she did not shed tears, and I would not offer any pity. I feared to speak even, lest it should distress her to answer; and

I therefore sat still, though my heart throbbed with indignation against that ungenerous husband, and I was wishing him no good, when the landlady opened the door to say that it was almost ten, and perhaps the young lady would like to retire: if so, she would warm the bed, and prepare it for her.

"Pray, is my husband in the house?" said Mrs. Erskine, starting up and looking earnestly at the landlady.

"Oh, yes, ma'am—he and another gentleman have got a fire in a chamber by themselves, to do some private business, they said, and nobody must be allowed to disturb them. Your husband was terribly discomposed because there was no lock on the door; but, says I, you can fasten it with your knife; so I showed him how; and I dare say they are fast enough."

While the landlady was speaking, I observed the countenance of Mrs. Erskine change. She grew pale, her lip quivered, and a rigid expression passed over her forehead and eyes, as though some intense pain had wrung her heart: she sank down in her chair and pressed her hands tightly on her bosom. But I noticed she turned her face from the landlady, as though she would not have her see this distress.

"I cannot retire now; I must sit with the lady. Go, and I will let you know when I am ready," said I.

"But your uncle charged me to take good care of you."

"He did not desire you to send me to bed. I will go soon, but not now." The woman departed very unwillingly. The kind creature thought she was only doing her duty; most people think "taking care" means interfering, in every possible way, with the luckless wight placed under surveillance.

The moment the door was closed, I sprang to Mrs. Erskine, and found she was in strong hysterics. I had once witnessed a similar scene, and recollected that they loosened the dress and rubbed the hands of the invalid. This I endeavored to do for my lovely guest, though I trembled like an aspen. She also strove mightily against the emotions which were overwhelming her; but it was many minutes before that death-like rigidity could be overcome. Drops of cold perspiration covered her pale forehead, and the convulsive risings in her throat suspended her breathing, till I was several times on the point of screaming for help, thinking her to be dying. But she had my hand clasped in hers, and there was something in her manner, for she never entirely lost her consciousness, that seemed soliciting me not to expose her. At last she threw her arms around me, and drawing me into a chair be-

side her, laid her head on my shoulder and burst into a passion of tears. How she did weep and sob—and I wept with her.

Blessed power of sympathy! What balm its expression carries to the wounded heart! Without sympathy, there would be no companionship on earth; the human race would be lonely as wandering stars. In prosperity, sympathy is like sunshine to the flower, making the bright and beautiful still lovelier. In adversity, it is the precious diamond that gathers every ray of light, and appears most pure and priceless in the darkest depths of misfortune and sorrow.

That lovely lady told me her griefs. All may be comprised in one word—her husband was a GAMBLER! He had squandered his own princely fortune; he had nearly ruined her father and her only brother, by involving them in his liabilities—he had treated her most cruelly—all in consequence of being a GAMBLER!

Mrs. Erskine had been separated from her husband nearly a year, residing with her parents in Providence, R. I. She had promised her father never more to quit the paternal roof; but Mr. Erskine came and besought her to pity and forgive him. He told her that he had relinquished play; he took the most solemn oaths never to touch a card again; he assured her that he was in good business in Montreal, and had a house prepared to receive her; and he showed her and her father letters and credentials from gentlemen of the first respectability which vouched for the truth of all that he asserted.

"I was deceived," continued she—"yet how could I believe him so false as he has proved? I had loved him most devotedly; he was the father of my child; he was at my feet, humbled, in shame and sorrow for his past conduct. He plead, even with tears, that I would forgive and trust him once more. I could not refuse. I left my good, kind parents, and I had not been two days in the power of Mr. Erskine, before I discovered that his sole object was to get possession of all my jewels and valuable ornaments." She covered her face, as she made this humiliating confession of her husband's baseness, and sobbed like a child.

"He will return you the watch, again, will he not?" at length I ventured to say.

"Oh! no, no! He has met here with some of his gambling associates. They are now at play—and he will never leave till the watch is lost—or, at least, he will never return it. Oh, no! I shall never see it again. It was his present to me on the first anniversary of our marriage. I prized it for his sake. I intended it for our daughter: it was all I had for her. Oh! it is

so terrible to be obliged to despise the father of my child, and to feel that I must teach her to avoid him!" And again she wept and sobbed.

"But how could he have obtained those letters from respectable gentlemen?"

"He—he, or his associates, must have forged them!"

It was midnight before I retired. I left Mrs. Erskine alone, in my parlor; her husband had not appeared, but she had become quite calm. As she kissed and bade me good night, she added—"You have witnessed a sad scene; may you never suffer in a similar manner. God bless you, my love; you have comforted a broken heart."

I thought that I could not sleep, when I laid my head on the pillow. The storm without was still howling, as I lay repeating—

"Blow, blow thou wintry wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude!"

But in spite of sentiment and sympathy nature will enforce her homely demands for food and rest. I presume I was in a sound sleep in a very unromantically short time. I knew no farther troubles, till the maid roused me to say that breakfast was waiting, and my uncle had returned.

"Is the lady gone?"

"No—but she is just going."

I hurried as for life, and was soon in my parlor. Mrs. Erskine was cloaked and all ready for her journey, with the nurse and child. My uncle and the landlady were also in the apartment. Mrs. Erskine greeted me most tenderly; she had entirely regained her composure, and except that she looked very pale, no person unacquainted with her story, would have surmised that sadness was on her heart, that her soft beaming eye had so lately been weeping bitter tears, or that the sweet smile which played over her beautiful features, like the morning light of a drooping lily, was assumed to conceal intense anxiety and deep despair.

"What a — set of careless loons they have in these country towns!" exclaimed Mr. Erskine, bursting into the room. "I have met with a fine loss!"

"What! what!" cried the landlady.

"What!—why my watch, or my wife's rather, that cost me three hundred guineas in Paris—I have lost it somewhere in the yard or stables, going to look after my horses, because I never can depend on your ostlers!"

I stole a look at Mrs. Erskine; her face was crimson. Sure I am that she suffered more from this exposure of her husband's mean artifice, which she felt I would understand, than from the loss of the watch.

She grasped my hand with a strong pressure, her lip quivered, but she did not attempt to speak; then gathering her cloak around her, she hurried from the room, followed by her reckless husband,

complaining all the way of the loss of his watch, which he made no attempt to find.

I have never heard of those people since; but when reports of the prevalence of *gambling* among our young men—who call themselves *gentlemen*, reach me, the image of that beautiful and injured woman rises on my mind, and I could weep to think what the *wife* of a GAMBLER must endure.

THE HEIRESS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XVII.



H! Layton. How are you now?" said Mr. Grant, as the individual he addressed entered his store, about five o'clock in the afternoon. "Have you been able to do any thing?"

"All right at the—— office."

"So far so good. But what of R——; that is the name, I believe."

Layton looked grave.

"Have you seen him?"

"Yes."

"Can't he be managed?"

"I'm afraid not. He has just come to work, after spreeing it awful hard for a week, and is as serious and penitent as a condemned criminal. I asked him to go and take a drink with me; but he said 'no,' with a decided shake of the head."

"Bad—bad," returned Grant, knitting his brows. "What is to be done? Is there no way to get him off?"

"I'm afraid not. For weeks after he has been on a spree, you can't prevail on him as much as to look at a glass of liquor. He seems to loath it, and himself too, for his folly."

The merchant cast his eyes to the floor, and mused long in deep perplexity of mind.

"You shall have two hundred dollars, Layton, if you will keep this advertisement from appearing," he at length said. "It is of the very first importance to me that it should not see the light. Think again. I am sure that you can aid me if you will only set your wits to work."

"It might be done," was replied to this, in a

slow, thoughtful voice, after some moments had elapsed.

"How? Speak out freely."

"At some risk, however."

"I will compensate you for all risks."

"I know. But the thing might fail, and I get into trouble without aiding you at all."

"What do you propose? Or have you any new plan clearly defined?"

"Not clearly."

A pause followed. Something seemed to be upon the mind of Layton that he hardly dared venture to speak out.

"Do n't be afraid of me. I am prepared for any thing. The advertisement must be kept out at all hazards."

"It will be a dark night. I might knock him down as he goes to the press-room to-morrow morning at two o'clock!"

"Humph!"

"How does that strike you?"

"It will do, if it can be done so well that your other friend will be obliged to run the press."

"There need be no fear about that. It can be done so effectually that he will keep his bed for a week."

"Do it then, by all means. But have you nerve enough?"

The look that Layton cast upon the merchant, satisfied him that he had nothing to fear on that head.

In order to provide against all unforeseen contingencies, Layton secured the prospective co-operation of the man who would have to take the place of R—— at the press, by a promise of twenty-five dollars in the event of his suppressing the advertisement.

About half past one o'clock on the next morn-

ing, he glided from his lodgings, carrying in his hand a stout cane. Heavy clouds covered the sky—the air was dense and humid—the lamps struggled feebly with the darkness. Layton hurried along the deserted street until he came to a dimly lighted lane, which ran from Second to Third street, down which he turned, and, after walking about one fourth of the square, retraced his steps to Third street, and stood for nearly five minutes, listening with fixed attention. He was about moving away, when his ear caught the sound of distant footsteps. A man approached. Layton drew back into the alley until he had passed. As he went by, a hurried glance satisfied him that it was the pressman. In a moment after, a heavy blow from the villain's cane laid R—— bleeding and insensible upon the pavement.

Instantly retiring into the alley, Layton glided down with quick but noiseless steps, and emerged into Second street. He then walked leisurely along, secure, in his own mind, against suspicion. His accomplice at the printing office waited until fifteen minutes beyond the usual time of the pressman's arrival, and then took the form from the foreman and made it ready for the press. Only a few revolutions of the wheel had been made, and a few perfect copies of the morning paper thrown off, when the assistant pressman gave orders to stop the machine. He held a note in his hand: how he came by it he did not tell, nor did any one inquire. It purported to be from the clerk in the office, and directed that a certain advertisement which had been handed in should not be inserted. After reading it aloud, he gave vent to sundry invectives against the foreman, who had already gone home, for not having seen and attended to the note before the form was made up. He then unlocked the form and removed the advertisement—re-arranging the matter, and filling up the space with something else. The few copies that had been worked off were thrown aside. Just as the press was again started, the door of the press room opened, and R—— himself staggered in. His coat and vest were literally soaked in blood. There was a deep wound on the side of his head, and one ear was nearly torn off. He could give no other account of his situation than that he had been knocked down by some unknown person.

The accomplice of Layton was shocked at this apparition. He had expected some result: what, his mind had not fully anticipated. He knew that R—— would be waylaid, and knocked down; but he had not calmly reflected on what might be the consequence. When he saw him covered with blood, and beaten, as it appeared, so terribly, he was greatly alarmed; for he was, himself, guilty of the outrage to an extent far

beyond what would be pleasant to him, were his participation in the affair to become known.

A physician was called in, who dressed the wound, and pronounced it not to be dangerous. R—— was then taken home. He did not leave the house again for a month.

CHAPTER XVIII.

On the following morning, both old Mr. Markland and Mason Grant arose earlier than usual. The heart of the former was set at rest on finding the long promised notice in the "Gazette" and "Advertiser;" but the latter could not be satisfied until he had gone out and examined other copies than his own of these two morning newspapers. The advertisement was in neither of them; but, in one was this paragraph.

"POSTSCRIPT.—*Daring outrage.*—As Mr. R. the pressman, belonging to this office, was on his way to the press room this morning, about two o'clock, he was knocked down in the street by some person unknown, and most shockingly beaten about the head and face. No cause for this daring outrage can be assigned, as the villain who gave the blow did not attempt to rob the man he had knocked down."

Grant smiled with inward satisfaction at this paragraph. It indicated the resolute character of the man he had gained over to his interests.

At breakfast time, all appeared to be in better spirits. Mrs. Grant understood from her husband the underhand game that was playing, and, therefore, she was not troubled. Markland thought all as fair as it appeared. After breakfast he went to Mr. Grant's store, and waited with a good deal of interest for the result. He could not but believe, spite of every intruding doubt, that the stranger he had seen was the child of his sister, and that she would see the advertisement and at once come forward. But the whole morning passed and no one appeared. The old man looked sober, and eat but little at dinner time. He went back to the store, and waited all the afternoon, but to as little purpose as he had spent the morning.

On the next day, the advertisement again appeared, but, as before, suppressed from the regular editions. The whole scheme had worked to a charm for Mr. Grant. Layton received the reward of his villany, which was shared with his accomplices in the business. Poor R. suffered severely. He was out of his head when the doctor called to see him on the morning after the assault, and had considerable fever. For a week after, fears for his life were entertained. But a

healthy system reacted on the disease under which he was suffering, and he slowly recovered. It was a month before he was able to go out. Layton was never suspected.

After the lapse of several weeks, Mr. Markland suggested the propriety of having the notice for heirs published in two or three western papers. Mason Grant thought it unnecessary. The other did not press the subject on him, but quietly cut from two of the newspapers, which he had preserved, the advertisement and sent a copy to a paper in Cincinnati and to one in Pittsburgh, accompanying each with a five dollar bill and a request to publish the notice three times a week for five or six weeks.

Nothing more passed between the old man and his brother and sister on the subject. The latter thought themselves safe, while the former was waiting in anxious expectation for some intelligence from the West.

One day Mr. Grant found among his letters by the last mail one addressed to "Joseph Markland and Mason Grant, Executors of the late Thomas Markland." It was post marked, "Cincinnati." Hurriedly breaking the seal he opened and read it. It was a reply to the notice before mentioned, and stated the fact already too well known to Grant, that a daughter of Anna Gray was in Philadelphia, and suggested the propriety of the Executors advertising for her in that city.

"Confusion!" muttered the merchant between his closed teeth. "What does all this mean?" and he crumbled the letter in his hands. "Can there have been any deception about that advertisement? Is it possible that Joseph has given it an additional circulation without my knowledge? I will know, the moment I see him. What right has he to act in this matter without my concurrence?"

"No, no," he said, in a less agitated manner, after thinking for a few moments, "I will keep my own counsel, at least for the present. This letter never meets his eyes—never!"

To put all chances of such an occurrence out of the question, the letter was immediately destroyed.

Two other communications, of a similar character, were received, and, in like manner, consigned to oblivion. What Grant most dreaded, was, that some one in the west would write directly to the girl, or send her the advertisement, marked. If this should be done, and she receive it, and present herself, all would be at an end.

Weeks and months passed away, and no one came forward to claim the legacy. Old Mr. Markland had walked the town over and over again, at all hours of the day and evening, in the hope of meeting once more with the stranger who had

interested his feelings so much, and awakened in his mind so many memories of the olden time. But no trace of her was seen. And he gradually began to fall into the belief that all had been a mere temporary excitement of his imagination. That Anna and her children were in another and a better world. At length he ceased to speak on the subject; if he thought much about it, it was not with sufficient force to lead to any further action.

Five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, and eleven months passed away. Mr. Grant and his wife breathed more easily. Still they felt anxious. Until the expiration of the period limited by the will, there was danger. Anna's child was, in all probability, still in the city, or, she might have gone back to the west, and there received information of the good fortune that awaited her. All was afloat, until after the long looked for period, and might be wrecked in an instant.

Of one thing they were careful, and that was never to speak of the subject in the presence of the brother. If he casually alluded to it, but little was said in return, and the theme of conversation changed as quickly as possible.

CHAPTER XIX.

MEANTIME, Anna Gray had found a home with one who loved her and cared for her as tenderly as a mother could love and care for her child. But a very short period elapsed before Mrs. Grand saw the purity and truth of her character, and gave her to feel that she had the fullest confidence in her.

Anna devoted herself with feelings of grateful affection to the task of lightening the burdens of her maternal friend. She worked for her and with her diligently, thus adding to her little store, instead of abstracting from it. Weeks and months went silently, and almost unnoted, by, without any further effort on the part of Anna to make herself known to her relatives. It often crossed the mind of Mrs. Grand that it would, perhaps, be no more than justice towards Anna for her to see if they would not do something for her. But her own independent feelings revolted at the thought of asking favors of those who would be likely to turn away with contempt, as they had already done in anger. Once or twice she hinted at the subject, but Anna would not listen to any thing of the kind for a moment.

"I have no claims upon them, and I cannot, therefore, urge any," she would reply. "In calling upon my aunt, I fulfilled the promise made to a dying mother. She would not own me. She

turned from me as she had before turned from my mother. Shall I go to her again? No! no! While I have health, my own hands will bring me all I need."

To language like this, Mrs. Grand had nothing to object. It was but a response to her own feelings.

Mrs. Grand was a woman who had seen many vicissitudes in life, and passed through many very painful trials; but out of all, so far, she had come, like gold from the crucible, brighter and purer for the ordeal. Some, as they grow older, appear to become selfish, impatient, penurious, irritable; or, exhibit some other defects of character, that make them burdensome to all. It is not that their characters have really changed with age. It is only, that, with age, external restraints, such as love of reputation, or the good opinion of the world, have become less active. These have lived to no good purpose. They may have accomplished much in the world during the period of active manhood; but the best, and highest, and most important work given them to do—self conquest, and self elevation—have been neglected. Ah, it is a sad sight to see the true interior states of the aged becoming manifest, when those states are thoroughly unregenerate! It is a sad sight to look upon an old man, and feel that he has lived in vain.

But Mrs. Grand had not lived in vain. She entered upon life with a profound respect for religion; and yet she was not what is called a "pious" woman. That is, she was not one who talked much about her own elevated state, or gagued her religion by her feelings. In her external deportment and appearance, she differed but little from those around her. The broad difference was in her principles of action. She performed all her duties in life with a profound regard for justice and judgment. Her religion was not a mere Sunday religion—it suited all days, and its spirit pervaded, benignly, all her works. It was founded upon the two commandments on which hang all the Law and the Prophets—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself."

With a basis like this to her character, the trials of life could only elevate, strengthen, and purify her. And such was the result. As years came stealing quietly on, and external influences became less and less active, no unseemly aspect of mind was presented. Her intellect was clearer, her whole character was softened, and all her passions were under the control of right reason.

Mrs. Grand was, therefore, a woman just suited to guide and counsel a young girl like Anna Gray. Anna's mother, amid all the painful vicissitudes of her life, had been sustained by a feeling of pride.

As to religion, she thought of it but rarely, and derived from it no support. What she did not herself possess, she could not present to her child. Anna, therefore, had never been taught to look upon life with the eye of christian philosophy. To enable her to do this, was the work of her new found friend. But it proved a difficult task. Religious ideas, if not presented to the mind in childhood, rarely ever enter it fully. It is the prayer said beside the mother's knee, with the lesson about heaven and the angels, and the deep reverence expressed to the child in regard to God, that does this work most effectually. It is a law of moral life, that all which succeeds partakes of the quality of that which precedes. The child, it is proverbially said, is father to the man; and this is true according to the law just mentioned. Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined, is another axiom expressing the same thing. The first ideas a child receives, give his mind a certain form, and as form modifies all influent life, whether vegetable, animal, intellectual, moral or spiritual life, it must be that the man's whole character will be modified by the peculiar circumstances, ideas, and impressions of his childhood. Let a child's earliest thoughts be directed to God as a good Being, who sends his angels to take care of him while he sleeps, and who protects him from harm at all times; who makes the sun shine, and the fruits grow; who loves the good and is angry with the evil; and, no matter how much he may stray from the paths of rectitude in after life, he can never in this world wholly lose a regard for religion, or a certain reverence for God.

On the other hand, if a child is not so instructed, and he, yet, have inherited certain qualities of mind that make him a good citizen and an honest man, no matter how anxious he may be to believe the truths of inspiration, and to rest with confidence in the assurance of a Divine over-ruling providence, he will find it very hard to do so. He may, after awhile, see clearly, and feel in the profoundest depths of his heart that there is a God, and that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him. But, it will be after passing through a dark night of doubt and fear, before the day star arise and the morning break joyfully upon his spirit.

Anna Gray did not understand, very clearly, the first ideas that were presented to her mind by Mrs. Grand. The effort to make her see that in the death of her mother there must be a dispensation of good, entirely failed.

"No—no—It is not good for a young girl like me to lose her mother!" was replied with all the deep pathos of conscious truth.

But Mrs. Grand did not despair. There was good ground in Anna's mind. In the morning she

sowed her seed, and in the evening withheld not her hand, trusting that it would find an entrance somewhere, and spring up and produce fruit. She did not attempt to blind her understanding and subdue her heart with a religious awe by the presentation of mysterious dogmas that must be believed or the soul sink, irretrievably, into ruin. No—hers was a milder faith. Love was its ruling principle—love to God and love to the neighbor. She knew that it was good that saved—not blind faith. Good of life from a religious ground. And so she endeavored to make Anna both see and feel. She did not press the subject upon her; but led her mind, almost insensibly, to reflect upon the relation that exists between the creature and the creator.

Her end in doing this was simple and good. She believed, and believed truly, that only just so far as any one came into true moral order, which must involve an understanding of divine and moral laws, and a life according to them, could there be safety on earth amid its thousand evil allurements. For Anna she felt a genuine affection, and that prompted her to seek her good—yea, her highest good. She knew but one way to do this, and in that way she sought, diligently, to bless with the choicest of blessings the gentle, pure-hearted girl that Providence had committed to her care.

CHAPTER XX.

SOME months passed, before Mrs. Grand was able clearly to see the fruits of her labor. The result had been so gradual, and almost imperceptible, that, even while looking for the signs, she did not perceive their presence. They were first apparent in a calm elevation of countenance, and a more cheerful tone of voice. While looking for an expression of sentiment, she had passed by these. But when she did notice them, her heart warmed with emotions such as only they who seek, unselfishly, the good of others, can feel.

Nothing of particular interest to the reader occurred for nearly ten months from the period Anna came under the roof of Mrs. Grand, further than the gradual reception of higher truths into her mind than she had ever before known. But then an event took place, than which nothing could have been more afflictive. Mrs. Grand was taken suddenly ill, and died, after suffering for three weeks the pains of a malignant disease.

Thrown again upon the world, friendless, Anna Gray was once more compelled to look around her for a sheltering nook where she might hide herself from want and danger. In losing Mrs.

Grand, just at a time when she had created in her mind a thirst for pure and elevating truths that were to give her character a just basis, and form it upon a right model, she felt most keenly the bereavement. When her mother died, she lost a natural guide and counsellor—now she had lost a spiritual guide and counsellor.

"I am indeed alone!" she murmured, as she sat weeping in the little room where, for nearly a year, she had listened to the words of wisdom as they came in such gentle and earnest tones from the lips of Mrs. Grand. The solemn services for the dead had been performed, and the body carried forth and buried. The few friends that had come to pay the last sad tribute of tears to the virtues of one whom to know was to honor, had departed, and Anna was left alone. Though cast down in spirit and afflicted, she did not yield herself up to murmuring despondency. She had been taught a better lesson in life, and that from the lips of her now so sincerely mourned. But it was impossible not to feel sad in her affliction, and to be infested with doubt and fear for the future.

The slowly falling twilight, as evening came stealing on, deepened the gloom that, spite of all she could do to rise above it, oppressed her heart. Darkness came down, and she felt more than ever alone. She lit a lamp, but to her, the light was not a cheerful one, and failed, as of old, to dispel from the room night's dusky shadows. Fears of a superstitious kind, do what she would to dispel them, stole over her.

"Oh, I cannot stay here, alone," she said aloud, as these fears grew more palpable, glancing timidly around, and inwardly trembling lest from the shadows of the room should start forth some fearful vision.

"But where can I go?" she added. "I have no other home, and, even here I cannot remain long."

A rap at the door caused her to start, and the blood to curdle in her veins. This was only for a moment or two. Her self-possession quickly returned, and going to the street door, she opened it and found that a young acquaintance named Laura Woods had called to see her.

"I thought you would feel very lonesome," Laura said, "and so I have come round to stay with you all night if you would like me to do so."

"It is very kind in you," Anna returned, with a full heart, warmly pressing the hand of Laura. It was all she could say. They had been acquainted for only a short time: but the oftener they met, the more they felt drawn towards each other. Laura was, like Anna, an orphan, and, like her, almost friendless. She had a very delicate constitution. To the eye of one skilled in

detecting the marks of a hidden disease, her bright eye, her pure complexion and semi-transparent skin—her narrow chest and stooping form accompanied by a frequent, but not painful cough, would have been a too sure premonition of decline.

Laura staid with Anna that night. Her thoughtful regard for her peculiar situation awoke tenderer feelings in the breast of Anna than she had yet experienced. A fuller confidence was the result. She opened all her heart to Laura, and she, in turn, told of her bereavments and trials in the past—her hopes and fears for the future. This sealed them fast and tenderly united friends. Laura had been engaged for the past two years in going out and sewing by the week in a number of families. She had more work than she could do, and it was soon agreed between her and Anna, that they should take a room together, and while Laura went out to sew, Anna was to remain at home and work. Laura could always get as much as Anna could do from the families in which she was sewing. Every evening she was to come home.

This arrangement was entered into. Anna took care of the room and worked at home, while Laura went out to sew by the week. What they earned was common property, and used as their wants required.

One Saturday evening, about six weeks after Mrs. Grand's death, Laura said to Anna,

"I am going to a new place on Monday, and where do you think it is?"

"I am sure I cannot tell, where?"

"To your aunt's."

"To Mrs. Grant's!" exclaimed Anna, rising up quickly.

"Yes. Mrs. T—— for whom I have been sewing, recommended me to her, and I have promised to go."

"Did you see Mrs. Grant?"

"Yes. She was at Mrs. T——'s to day, and engaged me."

"And you are going?" said Anna in a bewildered manner.

"Yes, I told you I was."

"So you did. But what you say has confused me so that I can scarcely think. When did you say you were going?"

"On Monday."

"I thought you promised me that after you had finished for Mrs. T—— you would rest for a few days. You are not at all well."

"I know. But Mrs. Grant says that it is indispensable to have me at once, and so I shall have to wait another week before taking rest."

Anna looked sober. The past came back too strongly upon her.—Her mother's wrongs and suffering, and the insult and cruel repulse she had received at the hands of her aunt, were remembered too vividly.

"I wish you would not go there, Laura," she said, giving way to her feelings.

"I have promised, you know," was calmly replied.

"True. And it is weakness in me to feel so."

"To tell the truth, Anna, I am glad for your sake, of the opportunity this will afford me to learn all about your mother's relatives. You have spoken of her brother—he may be living, and, if so, I will learn for you where he is. He may have a truer heart than his sister."

"He cast off my mother. I want, therefore, no favors at his hand," Anna replied firmly.

"Of that he may have long ago repented. It will be your duty, at least, to give him a chance of atoning for the errors of the past."

Anna shook her head. But even while she did so, arose the wish in her heart to be received by her uncle, for her mother's sake, if he were yet alive.

To be Continued.

THE CONFESSION.

BY E. S. BARRETT.

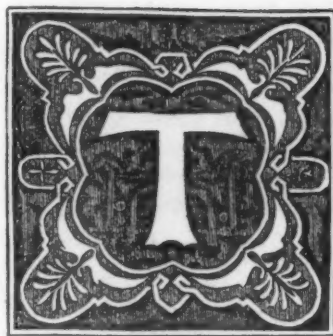
THERE is a language by the virgin made,
Not read but felt, not uttered but betrayed,
A mute communion, yet so wondrous sweet,
Eyes must impart what tongue can ne'er repeat.
'Tis written on her cheeks and meaning brows;
In one short glance whole volumes it avows;
In one short moment tells of many days,
In one short speaking silence all conveys.

Joy, sorrow, love, recounts,—hope, pity, fear,
And looks a sigh, and weeps without a tear.
Oh! 'tis so chaste, so touching, so refined,
So soft, so wistful, so sincere, so kind!
Were eyes melodious, and could music shower
From orient rays new striking on a flower,
Such heavenly music from that glance might rise,
And angels own the music of the skies.

Selected.

CHARITY.

BY E. FERRETT.



TRUE charity is the offspring of benevolence, although charity, so called, the mere giving of alms, frequently has very little in common with benevolence. Giving alms, mixing with societies, and various other deeds by which some folks procure the character of being charitably disposed, frequently indicates ostentation and a love of public estimation, rather than true charity—many give without kindly feeling. It has been somewhere observed, that a certain class of people will afford a man more pleasure in refusing a favor, than others do in granting it; showing that it is not simply relieving distress that exhibits true charity. Pure charity is often felt by those to whom fortune denies the means of affording pecuniary aid, and many who give liberally have no charity. We once knew a gentleman, whose name was at the head of every charitable subscription, who passed for an angel of mercy, but who, in reality, would not give a cent unless his name was first on the list.

Charity may be exercised in our daily life in an endless variety of forms. Charitable constructions of the words and actions of others—charitable consideration for the feelings and foibles of others—and charitable forbearance from outraging the sensibility of our brethren, are only a few operations of the greatest of all virtues. In all relations of life, from the earliest to the latest period—in the highest and lowest, forbearance, the offspring of charity, secures happiness, while its absence insures misery. In the domestic circle—in home relations more especially—charity should be our constant attendant and guide—it teaches us to consider others and forget ourselves—it induces us to investigate our actions, and when about to condemn those of others, to enquire what our own would be under similar circumstances? It teaches us to know ourselves—not to estimate too highly our own abilities—begets humility and meekness—frees us from arrogance and assumption—and makes all its possessors really amiable people.

In this world of unkindness, where harsh and ill-natured constructions teem—where every action and word of doubtful tendency, invariably have the worst face put upon them by the good-natured mass, it is a positive relief to meet with a truly charitable person; one who will not readily condemn, who allows the benefit of doubt to all criminals, and believes every man innocent of a bad action and evil intention until clearly proved against him, and then thinks that there may be some excuse, some mitigating circumstances which palliate the offence. We are all too prone to judge our fellows,—we see and hear of deeds that are horrible, and unhesitatingly condemn the authors, without thinking that the temptation to sin might to ourselves have been as irresistible as it had proved to those whom we condemn.

Let us endeavor to look upon all things in the best light,—this world, though a troublesome one, is not all evil. Good can be extracted from every thing, provided our knowledge of alchemy be sufficient,—the bee sucks honey alike from every flower, whether odoriferous or not, and we may if so minded see

“Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.”

To accomplish this much to be desired end, true charity is essential—it engenders a kindly feeling for our fellow creatures—softens and tones down their foibles, errors, and short comings—renders us suspicious of, and sceptical concerning our own desserts, and willing and able to discover good intentions, where without its aid, we should observe only selfishness.

Like perceives like in the human mind; and, consequently, selfish people are ever the most acute in detecting selfishness in others, while benevolent men will discover kindness and self-denial, where the worldly minded see nothing but unmitigated love of self.

To the lovers of ease, and the believers in practical philosophy, it must be no slight recommendation to charity that like mercy “it is twice blessed,” “it blesteth him that gives and him that receives.”

Charitable constructions of other people's deeds renders us happier,—a man who is ever on the alert to discover bad intentions, is the

victim of his own suspicions, whilst the opposite character is in charity with all men—happy himself—and so secured by his charitable disposition, that even the envious and malicious pass him, awed by his repose.

Charity begets charity, so that a charitably disposed man, must inevitably partially call into

operation the charitable feelings of all those with whom he associates.

We should think of the influence which our conduct has upon society, for however insignificant an atom we may be, we still form part of the great whole, and in our sphere can do much good or evil.

IONE.

BY MARY C. DENVER.



HERE is all thy mirth departed.

Lady of the drooping eye?
I have seen thee sad and silent
When no cause for grief
was nigh,
Pale, and spiritless, and weary,
By the fountain's lonely side,

I have seen thee, when the festal,
Claimed its ornament and pride.

All was stillness, all was beauty,
Where thy footsteps chose to stray,
Where the forest's lengthened shadows
Stole upon the steps of day.
Leaves were whispering to each other,
Of the beams upon their breast,
When the spirit of the breezes,
Woke them from their sunny rest.

And that clear and laughing fountain,
Sparkling as the skies above,
Filled the bosom of the forest
With the angel-song of love.
And the flowers were thick around it,
List'ning to its laughing voice,
Sometimes peeping in its bosom,
Wondering how it could rejoice.

How within so sweet a temple,
Could I wonder thou shouldst stray,
All neglectful of the banquet,
And the glittering array.
But thy brow was sad, and shaded
Was the lustre of thine eye,
And thy pale cheek spoke of sorrow,
When I saw no sorrow nigh.

I have had a vision lately,
Of a proud and jewelled throng,
Where were eyes like diamonds flashing,
Where arose the voice of song.
Snowy brows and raven tresses
Shone within the festive hall,
And a vase of fragrant flowers
Shed a perfume over all.

Brilliantly the lamps were flashing,
On the brilliant forms below,
Where was heard the voice of gladness,
Where was seen the cheek's warm glow.
Of the many lovely faces
Gleaming 'midst the festal,
Thou didst bear the palm of beauty,
Queen of beauty over all.

Worshippers were crowding round thee,
And the voice of praise was heard,
Till the lurking pride within thee,
From its deep repose was stirred.
And it listened to the homage
That was offered at thy shrine,
'Till thy cheek was warm and fevered,
And thy thoughts no longer thine.

But all suddenly and silent
Passed the glow from off thy cheek,
And thy thoughts thronged to thy bosom
Which thy tongue might never speak.
Flattery's voice received no answer,
And her tones were heard no more,
When I saw a noble stranger
Enter at the open door.

Proud, yet gentle was his bearing,
And his eye was blue and deep,
As the violets of the morning
Waking from their azure sleep.
And his brow was pale and lofty,
As a poet's brow should be,
And his smile was soft and sudden,
As the sunlight on the sea.

Many an eye was flashing round him,
Following as he passed along,
Many a whispered word was spoken,
As he moved amidst the throng.
And methought thy cheek was crimson,
When his eye by chance met thine,
Ah! fair Ione, sad Ione!
Do thy dreams respond to mine?

Doth thy heart enfold a secret
 In its deep and inmost cell?
 Hath thy bosom found a treasure
 It hath guarded long and well?
 Ah! in vain the heart may moulder
 Round the secret of its wo,
 When the drooping eye betrays it
 And the cheek's unconscious glow.

Thou hast wandered sad and lonely
 To the fountain's lovely side,
 To indulge in thoughts thy bosom
 Hath no wish but that to hide.
 Drink not the delicious poison,
 That such loneliness can impart,
 For the chords of love will tighten
 Round thy warm and trusting heart.

Lady why thus fly his presence,
 He round whom thy thoughts revolve
 With a strange mysterious feeling,
 Which thou canst not, will not solve?
 Dost thou shun his presence ever,
 But to muse upon his worth?
 After draining poisoned chalice,
 Dastest thou the cup to earth?

In the bosom dwells a tenant,
 Dwells a strange and wayward one,
 Now he revels in the tempest,
 Now rejoices in the sun;
 But a sudden thought steals o'er him,
 Like a ghostly form at noon,
 And the gladness of his glory,
 Yields to disappointment soon.

Aye! the heart will sometimes triumph
 In the mis'ry it endures,
 Crushing hope and seeking shadows,
 *Where no meteor star allures;
 Shunning paths that soon would lead it
 To the haven of its hopes;
 Ah, the strange and wayward pilot,
 Seeks the storm with which it copes.

Shun not thou a noble spirit,
 And an intellectual brow,
 Can he ever hope to worship,
 Cold and shy as thou art now?
 Should two hearts whose ev'ry feeling
 Might so nearly be allied,
 Take the icy garb of coldness,
 And thus fester side by side?

"THE WORD IS VERY NIGH THEE, IN THY MOUTH, AND IN THY HEART."

Deuteronomy, xxx. 14.



DREAMS shall bind my
 soul no longer,
 Darkly to the valley
 clod;
 Ever shall its flight grow
 stronger,
 Soaring upward to my
 God;
 Near unto me,
 Thrilling through me,

His kind voice shall never cease
 Whisp'ring words of truest peace.

When the night is round me sweeping,
 Like a wide protecting wing;
 Ere mine eyes are dark with sleeping,
 Breathes that voice from every thing;
 I shall hear it,
 But not fear it,
 Echoed through my bosom's core:
 "Go beloved—and sin no more."

Then—though evil hands be wresting,
 Written scriptures from my sight;

Inner joy goes on, attesting
 God's high word of love and light:
 Never dimming,
 Ever hymning,
 To the long enduring breast,
 "Come—and I will give you rest."

His dear mercy, very surely,
 Shall be near for ever more;
 If—confidingly and purely,
 God—my God I still adore:
 From his altar,
 Never falter;
 Bearing in his blessing part,
 "Blessed are the pure in heart."

At the last, when o'er me thickly
 Gather dim the damps of death;
 And the prayer—"Come! Jesus quickly,"
 Struggles through my fleeting breath:
 God forgive me,
 And receive me
 In his mansions, bright and blest,
 Entered into heaven's rest.

H. M.

THE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.



SHALL love your mother very much, Charles: but do you think she will love me?" said a graceful young creature, leaning with an air of tender confidence upon the arm of her companion, and looking up earnestly in his face. She was a little above the ordinary stature, with a form so delicate as to appear almost fragile—a pure semi-transparent skin, and a cheek—

"Like the apple tree blossom,
By the dew fountain fed,
Was the bloom of her cheek,
With its white and its red—"

Eyes of heaven's own blue beamed with love and delight, as they wandered over the frank, honest face of the young man, who stood looking down into them, as they reflected back his own image. He could not love himself, without harm to himself; but he could gaze on and love to gaze for ever upon the image of himself pictured in those dear eyes, and yet be innocent.

"Love you, Ellen? How can she help loving you?"

"I do not know why any one should love me," was the artless reply.

"I do not know how any one can help loving you."

"Ah, you may think so. But every one does not see with your eyes. And may be, you are only blinded. I am not perfect Charles. Do n't forget that."

"You are perfect to me, and that is all I ask. But say, Ellen, dear, sha'n't we be married in a month?"

"I am so young, Charles. And then, I ought to be certain that your mother is willing. Does she know all about it? You have written to her, have you not?"

The young man did not reply for some moments. Then he said.

"Never fear, Ellen. My mother will love you as her own child, when she sees and knows you. I have not written about you to her, because, as I must tell you, my mother, though one of the best of women, is a little proud of her standing

in society. The moment I write to her on this subject, she will have a dozen grave questions to ask about your family, and whether they are connected with this great personage or that?—questions that I despair of answering, in a letter, to her satisfaction. But your dear face will explain all, and stop all inquiries, when I present you to her as my wife."

"Do n't be so certain of that, Charles. If your mother is proud of her family, she will be mortified and displeased should her son marry an unknown girl."

"The proudest mother on earth would receive you into her bosom, and call you her daughter, without an emotion of wounded pride!" was the lover's confident reply. "I know it. I know my mother too well not to be confident on this subject."

"You ought to know, Charles. But I would much rather be certain. I love you better than my life—but if I thought that your marrying me would separate you from your mother's love, I would never consent to a union. Ah, there can be no love so pure, so deep, so unselfish as a mother's love. A mother! Oh, how sweet the name! How holy the office! I can remember, though but faintly, my mother. I was but a little girl when I lost her, but I still see her face as it often bent over me while I lay in my little bed, and I still, at times, can hear her voice. Oh, what would I not have given had she lived! Ah, Charles, be sure that in no act of your life you wrong your mother, or give her pain."

Charles Linden belonged to a family that claimed descent from some distinguished ancestor on the mother's side—some one who had come from England a long time ago, and who, when there, ranked as one of gentle blood. Of the worth of his principles, little was known. He may have been a high minded and honorable man, or he may have possessed qualities worthy of the detestation of all. Be that as it may, Mrs. Linden valued herself highly on having come down in right line, through three generations, from this distinguished individual; and there were plenty to estimate her by her own standard. As a woman, taking her for what she was worth, she would have done very well, and received from all sensible people due consideration. But, her true character as a woman was glossed over, and

somewhat defaced by her pride. She did not regard her own qualities of mind as any thing—her standing as one of the true aristocrats of society was every thing. As for her husband, little was ever said about his ancestors. He had no scruples while living about an investigation; for he feared none! His father was a wealthy merchant, and his grandfather an honest farmer who had fought for his country during the whole Revolutionary campaign. The old soldier left to his son the inheritance of sound moral principles, a good education, and an enthusiastic love of his country. With these as his only patrimony, he started in the world. At the age of fifty he died, leaving to his children an untarnished name, and forty thousand dollars apiece. The father of Charles Linden had been in business several years when this event took place, and had already acquired by his own exertions, as well as by marriage, a handsome property. He died when Charles, his eldest son, was but sixteen, leaving three children, two sons and one daughter; and a widow estimated to be worth a hundred thousand dollars. To each of the children he left fifty thousand. This did not please the aristocratic notions of the mother:—It would have been more in consonance with her views, if but one third of the whole property had been left to her, and the balance to their oldest son, with the reservation of small annuities for the other children. In her own mind, she determined to will all she had to Charles, with the distinct proviso, that he took possession of it only on the condition of dropping his father's name, and assuming that of her family—which was Beauchamp.

Long before he was twenty-one years of age, she commenced her insidious attacks upon his native manliness of character, which showed itself in a disposition to value every thing with which he came in contact, according to intrinsic worth. He never thought of the family of any one with whom he was thrown into association, but of qualities of head and heart. At school he had learned how to estimate individual worth;—books, truly American books, conceived by American minds, strengthened the right impression so made. When, therefore, Mrs. Linden attempted to show him that family was the primary thing to be considered in his associations with people, her efforts were altogether fruitless.

All persons of Mrs. Linden's way of thinking, make it a point to take the marriage of their children pretty much into their own hands, believing that their external views on the subject are far better than the internal attraction towards an object that can be truly loved, which their children imagine they feel,—or, as they say "imagine."

The mother of Charles understood well her duty in this matter. Long before her son had passed his fourteenth year, she had made a selection for him in a little Miss, younger than he was by two years, named Antoinette Billings. Antoinette's mother was a woman after Mrs. Linden's own heart. She understood the first distant hint made on the subject, and readily came to a fair and open understanding with Mrs. Linden. Then it was managed so that the children were much together, and they were taught to look upon each other as engaged for marriage at some future day.

Charles was a fine, noble hearted, independent boy; but Antoinette was a spoiled, pert, selfish creature, and had but little control over her tempers, that were by no means amiable. It was not long before the future husband, so called, wisely determined that Miss Antoinette should never be his wife, and he told his mother so in very plain language. She tried every art in her power to influence Charles, but it was no use. He inherited too much truly noble blood from his independent, right-thinking father.

At the age of twenty-one, he left his native place and entered into business in a neighboring city. His mother parted with him reluctantly; but there were strong reasons why he should go, and she did not feel that it would be right to oppose him.

About a year after his removal from P——, to his new place of residence, Charles Linden met Ellen Fleetwood. She had come, recently, from one of the Eastern States, and resided in the family of a distant relative. His first impressions were favorable—each subsequent meeting confirmed them,—and, at length he found himself really attached to her. So little of his mother's peculiar spirit had he imbibed, that it did not once occur to him to ask about her family, until he had made up his mind to offer himself in marriage. Inquiry on this subject resulted in the discovery, that Ellen's parents were distinguished from the mass in no particular way. They had married early and her mother died early. Her father, whose very existence seemed to have been wrapped up in that of his wife, went away soon after her death, and never returned. It was believed by his friends that he did not survive her long. Ellen was then five years old. An aunt adopted her, and raised her as her own child. A year before Linden met her, this aunt had died, leaving her a small income. She removed, shortly after this event, at the request of a relative—the only surviving one, as far as she knew—and now lived with her. Of the precise character of the father and mother, he could learn nothing. Ellen, therefore, neither lost nor gained any thing in his eyes by birth. For what she

was to him, and for that alone, he loved her—and loved her purely and tenderly.

An engagement took place in a few months after their acquaintance commenced. It was shortly afterwards that the conversation detailed in the opening of our story commenced, from which it will appear, that Charles had not yet ventured to inform his mother of the choice he had made. Knowing the strength of her peculiar prejudices, he had every thing to fear, so far as opposition was concerned. The fact that Ellen appeared so anxious to obtain her favor, made him less willing to risk the consequences of informing his mother that he had made his choice of a wife. He knew that she would oppose a marriage most strenuously. What the effect of such opposition upon the mind of Ellen would be, it was impossible for him to tell;—it might, he feared, lead her to decline his offer. For this reason he urged an immediate union; and wished it to take place without his parent's knowledge. Ellen opposed this, earnestly, but was, finally, induced to yield. They were married, and started the next morning to visit Mrs. Linden. Two days before Charles had written to inform his mother of what had taken place, and of his intended return home, on a short visit with his bride.

"My dear mother," a portion of his letter read,—"I know you will be grieved, and I fear, offended at what I have done; but wait only for a day or two, until you can see my Ellen—your Ellen, let me say,—and you will be grieved and angry no longer. She will love you as only an unselfish child can love a mother; and you will love her the moment you see her. I have talked to her from the first about you, and she has already so pure an affection for you, that she is longing to see you, and throw herself upon your bosom. Oh! let me beg of you to receive her in the spirit with which she is coming to you. Be to her a mother as she wishes to be to you a child."

It was not without many misgivings at heart that Charles Linden set out to visit his mother. These could not be felt without their effect being perceived by Ellen, who was tremblingly anxious about her reception. Her spirits, became, in consequence, depressed, and more than once, Charles found tears stealing from beneath her half closed eyelids. He understood, well, the cause, and strove, but vainly, to assure her that all would be as her heart could wish.

It was nearly night-fall when the carriage that conveyed them from the steamboat landing, drew up before the elegant residence of Mrs. Linden. Charles hurried in with his young bride, his mind in a tumult of anxiety. A servant was sent up

to announce his arrival. Five minutes passed, and they still sat alone in the parlor, Charles deeply agitated, and Ellen looking pale and frightened.

"What can keep her so long?" the young man had just said, in a husky whisper, when the door opened, and his mother entered with a slow, dignified step, her face calm, but serene, and her tall person drawn up to its full height. Charles started forward, but the instantly raised hand and forbidding aspect of his mother, restrained him.

"Don't come near me," she said, coldly—"You have done that for which I shall never forgive you. Go at once from my presence, with the mean-spirited creature who has dared to suppose that I would acknowledge as my daughter one who has corrupted and robbed me of my son. Go! We are mother and son no longer. I dissolve the tie. Go!"

And the mother, whose assumed calmness had given place to a highly excited manner, waved her hand imperatively towards the door.

Ellen who had started up the moment Mrs. Linden appeared, now came forward, and throwing herself at her feet, clasped her hands together, and lifted to hers her sweet pale face and tearful eyes. For an instant the mother's face grew dark with passion; then she made a movement as if she were about to spurn the suppliant indignantly, when Charles sprang before her, and lifting Ellen in his arms, bore her from the house, and placed her, half fainting, in the carriage that still stood at the door. A hurried direction was given to the driver, who mounted his box and drove off to a hotel, where they passed the night, and, on the next morning, returned home to the city they had left on the previous day.

It was long before a smile lighted up the countenance of the young bride. In silence she upbraided herself for having been the cause of estranging from each other a mother and her son.

"It was so wrong," she said, in a sad tone, when, after the passage of a month, the subject was conversed about between them with more than usual calmness. "You should have, first of all, written to your mother, and asked her consent."

"But I knew that she would not give it. I knew her peculiar prejudices too well. My only hope was the impression your dear face would make upon her. I was sure that for her to see you would be to love you. But, I was mistaken."

"Alas! too sadly mistaken. We have made her unhappy through life. Oh! how that thought distresses me."

"She deserves all the unhappiness she may feel. For me, I do not pity her." Charles Linden said this with a good deal of bitterness.

"Oh! Charles,—do not speak so—do not feel so. She is your mother, and you acted against what you knew to be one of her strongest prejudices," Ellen said, earnestly. "I do not feel angry with her. When I think of her, it is with grief that she is unhappy. The time may yet come,—pray heaven it come quickly!—when she will feel differently toward one whose heart she does not know,—when she will love me as a daughter, and I will love her as a mother."

"She does not deserve the love of one like you," was the bitterly spoken reply.

"Ah, Charles! why will you speak so? It is not right."

"I can no more help it than I can help feeling and thinking, Ellen. I am indignant, and I must express my feelings. What a poor substitute is birth, or family connexion, or standing in society, for a mother to offer her son, instead of a pure heart that can love fervently. If I had yielded to dictation on this subject, I would long ago have been the unhappy husband of a vain, selfish, proud creature, whom I never could have loved. No—no—Ellen. I cannot help being angry, if I may so speak, at the thought of such unjust, unwise assumption of prerogative in a parent. It is God who joins together in orderly marriage—not man; and when man attempts to assume the place of God in this matter, his work is evil. I would give my child, were I a parent, all the light, all the intelligence in my power to give him, and then let him choose for himself. To do more would be in my opinion, a sin against God, and, as such, I would shun it with horror."

In time, the deep affliction of mind that Ellen had experienced, subsided. She felt the injustice of Mrs. Linden's conduct, and, though she had no indignant or unkind feelings towards her, she thought of her without an emotion of filial regard. Year after year went by, and, as no notice whatever was taken of Charles and his wife by Mrs. Linden, they did not again venture near her, nor take any steps to conciliate her favor. Her treatment of Ellen had so outraged her son, that he tried to forget that he had a mother; for he could not think of her without a bitterness which he did not wish to feel. The only means of knowing what took place at home was through his sister, between whom and himself had always existed a warm affection. She wrote to him frequently, and he, as well as his wife, wrote to her often. Their letters to her were, at her request, sent under cover to a friend, to prevent the unpleasant consequences that would ensue should the proud, overbearing mother, become aware of the correspondence.

From his sister, who had something of his own independence of feeling, Charles learned that his

brother William, at his mother's instance, was about to marry Antoinette Billings. And, also, that an application had been made to the legislature to have his name changed to Beauchamp, his mother's family name. As an inducement for him to gratify her pride in this thing, Mrs. Linden had promised William, that, on the very day the legislature granted the petition, she would transfer to him the whole amount of her property, with the exception of about twenty thousand dollars. Subsequently Charles learned that the name of his brother had been changed; that the marriage had taken place; and, that his mother had relinquished all of her property, with a small reservation, into the hands of her son. All this took place within three years after his own marriage.

The next intelligence was, of an attempt being made to force Florence, his sister, into a marriage most repugnant to her feelings. This aroused his indignation afresh. He wrote to her strongly; and conjured her by every high and holy consideration not to permit the sacrifice to take place. Florence possessed too much of his own spirit tamely to yield in a matter like this. His frequent letters strengthened her to resist all the efforts of both mother and brother to induce her to yield to their mercenary wishes. Finding that she was firm, a system of persecution, in the hope of forcing her to an assent, was commenced against her. As soon as Charles learned this, he went immediately to P——, and saw Florence at the house of a mutual friend. He had little difficulty in persuading her to return home with him. Neither her mother nor William showed her any real affection, and they were both plotting against her happiness for life. On the other hand, between her and Charles there had always been a deep attachment. She not only loved him, but confided in him. She had never seen his wife, but Charles had written so much about her, and Ellen's letters pictured a mind so gentle, so good, that Florence loved her only less than she loved her brother. And there was another there to love, of whom she had heard much—a fair haired child named Florence. Is it a subject of wonder that she fled from her mother, to find a paradise in comparison to what she had left, in the home of Charles and his pure hearted companion? We think not.

The meeting between her and Ellen was one in which both their hearts overflowed—in which affections mingled—in which two loving spirits become united in bonds that nothing could break.

We turn, now, to the disappointed Mrs. Linden. Knowing that to inform her mother of the step she had resolved to take, would do no good, but only cause her to endure a storm of passion,

Florence left home without the slightest intimation of her purpose.

In settling upon her son William her whole estate, with the small reservation before mentioned, Mrs. Linden gave up to him the splendid mansion in which she lived, with its costly furniture—and the entire control of it, as a matter that followed of course, to his young wife. Many months had not passed before doubts of the propriety of what she had done began to creep into the mind of Mrs. Linden. Her pride of family had been gratified—but, already, had her pride of independence been assailed. It was plain that she was not now of as much importance in the eyes of her son as before. As to Antoinette, the more she came intimately in contact with her, the less she liked her. She found little in her that she could love. The scheme of marrying Florence to a young man of "one of the first families" (the only recommendation he had) was heartily entered into by this worthy trio, and while there was a prospect of its accomplishment, they drew together with much appearance of harmony. The end united them. But after Florence had broken away from the toils they had been throwing around her, and they became satisfied, from the strong independent letters which she sent home, that all hope of bending her to their wishes was at an end, the true character of each began to show itself more fully.

Mrs. Linden had an imperious will. She had always exercised over her children a rigid control, at the same time, that in their earlier years she had won their affections. The freedom of mature years, and the sense of individual responsibility which it brings, caused all of them to rebel against the continued exercise of parental domination. In the case of Charles and Florence, the effect was a broad separation. William had sinister ends to gain in appearing to yield a passive submission to his mother's will. When the bulk of her property was transferred to him, those ends were gained, and he felt no longer disposed to suffer any encroachment upon his freedom. In one act of obedience, he had fulfilled all obligations of filial duty, and was not disposed to trouble himself further. He had consented to give up his father's name, and to marry a woman for whom he had no affection, to please his mother, and to get a large estate. The estate set off against these, balanced the account; and now, there being nothing more to gain, he had nothing more to yield. When, therefore, after the design of marrying Florence to a man of "good family," had failed, the first effort on the part of his mother to exercise control over him, was met in a very decided way. His wife, likewise, showed a disposition to make her keep in her own place.

She was mistress in the house, now, and she let it be clearly seen.

It was not long before the mother's eyes were fully opened to the folly she had committed. But true sight had come too late. Reflection on the ungratefulness of her children aroused her indignation, instead of subduing her feelings. An open rupture ensued, and then came a separation. Mrs. Linden left the house of her son—but a short time before it was her own house—and took lodgings in the family of an old friend, with a heart full of bitterness towards her children. In Antoinette she had been miserably disappointed. A weak, vain, passionate, selfish creature, she had shown not the slightest regard for Mrs. Linden, but had exhibited towards her a most unamiable temper.

When it was communicated to Antoinette by her husband, that his mother had left them, she tossed her head and said—

"I'm glad to hear it."

"No you must not say that," was William's reply, with an effort to look serious and offended.

"And why not? It's the truth. She has made herself as disagreeable as she could ever since we were married; and I would be a hypocrite to say that I was not glad to be rid of her."

"She is my mother, and you must not speak so about her," returned William, now feeling really offended.

"How will you help it, pray?" was the stinging reply. And the ill-tempered creature looked at her husband with a curl of the lip.

Muttering a curse, he turned from her and left the house. The rage of a husband who is only restrained by the fear of disgrace, from striking his wife, is impotent. His only resource is to fly from the object of his indignation. So felt and acted William Beauchamp. A mere wordy contention with his wife, experience had already proved to him, would be an inglorious one.

Fearing, from his knowledge of his brother's character and disposition, a result, sooner or later, like that which had taken place, Charles Linden, although he held no correspondence with any of his family, had the most accurate information from a friend, of all that transpired at P——.

One evening, on coming home from business, and joining his wife and sister, between whom love had grown into a strong uniting bond, he said,

"I have rather painful news from P——."

"What is it?" was asked by both Ellen and Florence, with anxious concern on both their faces.

"Mother has separated herself from William and his wife."

"What I have been expecting to hear, almost every day," Florence replied. "Antoinette has never treated mother as if she had the slightest regard for her. As to love, she has but one object upon which to lavish it,—that is herself. She cares no more for William than she does for mother, and is only bound to him by external considerations. But, where has mother gone?"

"To the house of Mrs. R——."

"An old friend."

"Yes. But she must be very unhappy."

"Miserable." And tears came to the eyes of Ellen.

"In the end, it will no doubt, be best for her, Florence," said the brother. "She will suffer acutely, but her false views of life, let us hope, will be corrected, and then we shall have it in our power to make her last days the best and happiest of her life."

"Oh, how gladly will I join you in that work!" Mrs. Linden said, with a glow of pure enthusiasm on her face. "Write to her, dear husband! at once, and tell her that our home shall be her home, and that we will love her with an unwavering love."

"Not yet, dear," returned Charles Linden, in a voice scarcely audible from emotion, turning to Ellen and regarding her for a moment with a look of loving approval.—"Not yet. The time for that will come; but it is not now. My mother's heart is full of haughty pride, and she would spurn, indignantly, any overtures we might make."

Much conversation passed as to what should be their future conduct in regard to the mother. Ellen was anxious to make advances at once, but her husband and his sister, who knew Mrs. Linden much better than she did, objected.

"Time will indicate what it is right for us to do," her husband said. "Let us only keep our hearts willing, and we shall have the opportunity to act before many years pass by."

"Years?" said Ellen, in an earnest, doubting voice.

"It may be only months, dear,—and yet it may be years. It takes time to break a haughty will, to humble a proud heart. But you shall yet see the day when my mother will love you for yourself alone."

"Heaven grant that it may come soon!" was the fervent response.

Many months passed away, and yet the mother and son remained as before—unreconciled. He had kept himself accurately informed in regard to her—that is, as accurately informed as it was possible for him to be. During that time, she had never been seen abroad. Those who had met her, represented her as being greatly changed.

All the softness of character, that had been assumed in her intercourse with the world, had been laid aside. She was silent, stern and cold to all who met her.

Deeply did this intelligence afflict Charles, and he yearned to draw near his mother. But he feared to do so, lest in her haughty pride, she should throw him off again, and thus render a reconciliation still more difficult, if not impossible.

While in this state of doubt, affairs assumed a new feature. Charles received a letter from a friend that the banking institution in the stocks of which his mother's entire property was invested, had failed, and that she was penniless.

"O, Charles! Go to her at once!" was the exclamation of Ellen, the moment her husband read to her the intelligence. "It is time now. All else has failed her."

"I do not know," he said, doubtingly. "This circumstance will make William sensible of his duty; he will, no doubt, restore her a part of the property received from her hands. This is the least he can do."

Florence differed with her brother. She did not believe that either William or his wife would regard their mother in any way. Both were too selfish, and too unforgiving. Much was said all around; but no clear course of action was perceived.

"I'll tell you what you can do!" spoke up Mrs. Linden, her eyes sparkling. A thought had flashed over her mind.

"What is it, Ellen?" asked her husband.

"You can send her, under a blank envelope, a thousand dollars, or more, and thus keep her above the bitter feeling of dependence. More can be sent when more is required."

"True! true!" was the husband's quick reply. "And I will do it."

When the news of the failure of the bank in which the little remnant of her property was contained, reached the ears of Mrs. Linden, her spirits sunk. Pride had kept her up before. But now, her haughty self dependence, her indignation, her bitterness of feeling towards her children, gave way, and in conscious weakness she bowed her head, and prayed for oblivion. She felt deserted by all; but indignation at this desertion was not the feeling that ruled in her heart. She felt weak, and lonely, and powerless. From a high position, which she had held with imperious pride, she had fallen, almost suddenly, into obscurity, desertion and dependence. A week passed, and she began to think of her children. None of them had yet come near her, or inquired for her. The thoughts of William and his heartless wife, caused old feelings of indignation to

awaken, and burn. But, when the image of Charles and Florence came up before her mind, her eyes were ready to overflow. It was now that she remembered, with changed emotions, the cruel manner in which she had spurned Charles, and the wife of his bosom. A sigh struggled up from her heart, and she leaned down her face upon the table before which she was sitting. Just at this time a small, sealed package was handed to her. She broke it open, carelessly. But its contents made her heart bound, coming as they did just at that crisis. Under cover was a bank bill amounting to one thousand dollars—and this memorandum:

"It is yours."

Quickly turning to the direction, she read it over two or three times before satisfying herself that there was no mistake. Then she examined the writing within and without, closely, in order to ascertain, if possible, from whom the timely aid had come, but without arriving at any certain conclusion.

This incident caused a new train of thoughts to pass through the mind of Mrs. Linden. It brought before her, she could not tell why, the image of her son Charles, with greater distinctness than ever; and, with that, came thoughts of his wife, and regret that she had thrown her off with such cruel anger. Acute pain of mind succeeded to this. She saw more clearly her own position in that act, and felt deeply the wrong she had committed.

"I will write to my son at once, and ask his forgiveness, and that of his wife whom I have wronged," she said, with a suddenly formed resolution.

But pride roused up instantly.

"No, no," it objected. "Not now. You should have done this before. It is too late. They will not believe you sincere."

A painful conflict ensued, which continued, with increasing violence, until, in consequence of prolonged mental excitement, a slow, nervous fever took hold of Mrs. Linden's physical system, and, in a short time, reduced her to a very critical state. Intelligence of this was conveyed to her son William, but, from some cause or other, neither himself nor wife visited her. At the end of a week, she was so low as to be considered in great danger. She no longer recognized the person of her attendant, or appeared conscious of what was passing around her.

A letter from a friend, through whom he was kept informed of all that occurred to her, apprised Charles Linden of his mother's critical situation.

"Florence," he said to his sister, in reading the letter to her and his wife. "I think you and I should go to P—— immediately. You can

be mother's nurse until she recovers, and then it may not be hard to reconcile all that is past."

Ellen looked earnestly in the face of her husband;—something was on her tongue, but she appeared to hesitate about giving it utterance.

"Does not that meet your approval?" asked Charles.

"Why may I not be the nurse?" was asked in hesitating tones.

"You?" said Charles, in a voice of surprise. "That should be the duty of Florence."

"And my privilege," returned Ellen, speaking more firmly.

"What good would be the result?"

"Great good I trust. Let me go, and be the angel of her sick chamber. She is too ill, to notice any one. She will not, therefore, perceive that a stranger is ministering to her. As she begins to recover, and I have an inward assurance that she will, I will bestow upon her the most assiduous attentions. I will inspire her heart with grateful affection for one whom she knows not; and when she asks for my name, I will conceal it until the right moment, and then throw myself at her feet, and call her 'mother.' Oh! let it be my task to watch in her sick chamber."

Neither Charles nor his sister said one word in opposition. On the next day, they all started for P——. Charles Linden went with his excellent wife to the house where his mother was residing with an old friend, and opened to this friend their wishes. She readily entered into their plans, and Ellen was at once constituted nurse. For the first two days, there were few encouraging symptoms. Mrs. Linden was in a very critical situation. At the end of a week, the fever abated, leaving the patient as helpless as an infant, and with scarcely more consciousness of external things. During this time, Ellen attended her with something of the feeling with which a mother watches over and ministers to her babe. Gradually, the life current in the veins of the sick woman became fuller and stronger. Gradually her mind acquired the power of acting through the external senses. Ellen perceived this. Now had come the ardently hoped for time.—With a noiseless step; with a voice low and tender; with hands that did their office almost carressingly, she anticipated and met every want of the invalid.

As light began again to dawn upon the mind of Mrs. Linden, she could not but notice, first, the sweet-faced, gentle, assiduous stranger, who had become her nurse. Her first feeling was one of gratitude, blended with affection. Never before had any one been so devoted to her,—never before had any one appeared to regard her with such a real wish to do her good.

"What is your name, my dear?" she asked one day in a feeble voice, looking up into her face.

A warm flush came over the cheeks of Ellen. Her eyes dropped to the floor. She hesitated for several moments. Then she replied, in a low voice—

"Ellen."

Mrs. Linden looked at her earnestly, but said nothing in reply.

"Who is this nurse you have been so kind as to procure for me?" Mrs. Linden said to her friend, a few days subsequently. She had gained much in a few days.

"She is a stranger to me. I never saw her before she came, and said that she had heard there was a sick lady here who wished a nurse."

"She did?"

"Yes."

"She must be an angel in disguise, then."

"So I should think," returned her friend. "I have never met a lovelier person. Her face is sweetness itself; her manners are full of ease and grace; and her heart seems a deep well of love to all."

"Who can she be? Where did she come from? I feel towards her as if she were my own child."

"But she is only a nurse," said the friend. "Do not forget that; nor your station in society."

Mrs. Linden shook her head, and murmured—

"I have never found one like her in the highest places, no, not even in my own children. Station in society! Ah, my friend, that delusion has passed."

As Mrs. Linden recovered more and more, Ellen remained with her, waiting only for a good opportunity to make herself known. She did not wish to do this until she was sure that she had awakened a feeling of affection in her mother's bosom.

Mrs. Linden had been sitting up for two or three days, so far had she recovered, and yet Ellen did not feel that it would be safe to venture a full declaration of the truth. Up to this time neither William nor his wife had visited her, or sent to enquire about her. This fact Mrs. Linden knew, for she had asked about it particularly. The name of Charles was never mentioned.

In order to try its effect, Ellen said to her—

"You are better, now, Mrs. Linden, and will be well in a little while. You do not need me any longer. I will leave you to-morrow."

"Leave me!" ejaculated Mrs. Linden. "O, no, Ellen, you must not leave me. I cannot do without you. You must stay with me always."

"You would soon tire of such a one as I am."

"Never, my good girl: never! You shall always remain with me. You shall be—not my nurse, but my child."

Mrs. Linden's voice trembled.

Ellen could hardly help throwing herself at her feet and declaring that she was really her child. But she controlled herself, and replied.

"That cannot be, madam. I have other duties to perform."

"You have? Where? What? To whom?"

"To my husband and children."

"Gracious Heaven! What do you mean? Who are you?"

"One who loved you before she ever saw you. One who loves you now."

"Speak child! Oh speak!" exclaimed Mrs. Linden, turning suddenly pale, and grasping hold of Ellen with both her hands. "Who are you? What interest have you in me? Speak!"

"Do you love me?" asked Ellen, in a husky whisper.

"Love you? Yes! You have forced me to love you! But speak out! Who are you?"

"Your daughter," was faintly replied.

"Who?"

"The wife of one who has never ceased to love you. The wife of Charles Linden!"

Mrs. Linden seemed paralyzed for some moments, at this declaration. Her face became pale—her eyes fell to the floor—she sat like one in a dream.

"Dear mother!" plead the anxious wife, sinking on her knees.—"Will you not forgive your son? Will you not forgive me that I loved him so well? If you knew how much we love you—how anxious we are to make you happy, you would instantly relent."

"My child! Oh can it be true!" This was said in a choking voice, by Mrs. Linden as she threw her arms around Ellen, and held her to her bosom. In a few moments she withdrew herself, and fixed her eyes long and earnestly upon Ellen's face.

"Ah what a loving heart have I wronged," she murmured, putting her hand upon the brow of her new found child, tenderly. Then she drew her again, almost convulsively, to her bosom.

All that was passing within was heard without, for Charles and his sister were at the door. They entered at this moment.

"My mother!" exclaimed Charles, springing towards his mother.

"My son—my dear son! God bless you and the dear child who has watched for days and nights like an angel about my pillow!"

The mother and son were in each other's arms in a moment. All was forgiven.

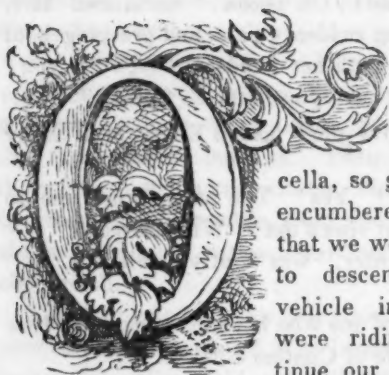
From that hour the proud woman of the world saw with a purified vision. From that hour she knew the worth of a pure heart.

DON PHILLIP VILLANI.

A SKETCH OF CHARACTER,—BY DUMAS.

Translated from the French:

BY A. ROLAND.



ONE day while we were in Naples, as we passed through Forcella, so great a crowd encumbered the street that we were compelled to descend from the vehicle in which we were riding, and continue our way on foot.

As we elbowed through the crowd, we enquired the cause of the assemblage, and were informed that a trial was in progress, between the Fraternity of Pilgrims and Don Phillip Villani. The defendant, having been buried some days before, at the expense of the said Fraternity, was summoned to prove, legally, that he was dead. From the original nature of this trial, it will be readily seen, that it was sufficient to draw a crowd together. We asked for some information with regard to this Don Phillip Villani; at the moment an individual passed, in great haste.

"There he is," we were told.

"The person who was buried a few days ago?"

"Himself."

"But how can that be?"

"He must have been resuscitated."

"He is a sorcerer, then?"

"The nephew of Cagliostro."

It was true, that, thanks to the authentic filiation, by which he was attached to this illustrious ancestor, and a number of tricks of juggling, more or less strange, Don Phillip bore the reputation of a sorcerer. They did him wrong. Don Phillip Villani is more than a sorcerer; he is a type. Don Phillip Villani, is the Neapolitan Robert Macaire; with this difference, however, the Neapolitan has a great superiority over the French sharper. Our Robert Macaire, is, to us, an imaginary being, a social fiction, a philosophical fable; whilst the Neapolitan Robert Macaire is a personage composed of flesh and

bone, a palpable individuality, a visible eccentricity.

Don Phillip Villani was about thirty-five years of age; he had black hair, piercing eyes, an expressive countenance, and was remarkable for his numerous and rapid gestures. Don Phillip had studied every thing, and knew a little of all. He knew something of law, something of medicine, something of chemistry, something of mathematics, and something of astronomy. In comparing himself with the society, in which his lot was cast, he discovered that he was a superior being, and, consequently, resolved to live at the expense of society.

Don Phillip was twenty years of age, when his father died, and was left just enough money to create some debts. He found it necessary to borrow before he was entirely ruined, and his obligations were, always, promptly met, when they became due; his object was to establish a credit. But every thing must have an end, in this world. On a day, when one of his notes became due, Don Phillip was absent from home; the next morning he had gone out early, and in the evening had not returned. The note was protested. The result was, that Don Phillip was obliged to pass from the hands of the banker to those of the broker, and, instead of paying six per cent. to pay twelve. At the end of about four years, Don Phillip had used the broker as he had done the banker; he was obliged to pass into the hands of the usurer. This new descent was accomplished without any sensible shock, except that, instead of twelve, Don Phillip was obliged to pay fifty per cent. About two years after, Don Phillip, who wanted a thousand crowns, had great difficulty in finding a Jew who would lend it to him at one hundred and fifty per cent. Finally, after a number of negotiations, in which Don Phillip brought to bear all the inventive resources, with which he was gifted, a descendant of Isaac presented himself at his house, with three thousand francs and a bond for seven thousand five hundred, which was to be signed by the borrower. The business, as the

terms had been already agreed upon, was soon settled. Don Phillip took the bond, and, casting a rapid glance over it, extended his hand, carelessly, toward his pen; dipped it, apparently, in the ink, and placed his signature at the bottom. Throwing some blue sand over the humid ink, he handed the bond, open as it was, to the Jew. The Jew looked over the paper; the signature was in large and legible characters; he bowed, with an air of satisfaction, folded the bond, and placed it in an old pocket book, where it was destined to remain, until the day it became due; the obligation of Don Phillip had, long since, ceased to be negotiable. On the day when the term, specified in the bond, expired, the Jew presented himself at the house of Don Phillip. Contrary to custom Don Phillip was at home, and, contrary to the anticipations of the Jew, he was visible. The Jew was shown in.

"You have not forgotten, sir, I hope," said the Jew, saluting his debtor with a low bow, "that, on this day, your little bond falls due?"

"No, my dear Mr. Felix," (such was the Jew's name,) replied Don Phillip.

"In that case," said the Jew, "I hope you have taken the precaution to be in readiness to settle it."

"I have not thought of it for a moment, I assure you."

"But you are aware that I will sue you at once."

"Very well, you may sue."

"You are not ignorant that, for a debt of this nature, your body is held responsible."

"No, I am not."

"And, that you may not have it in your power to pretend ignorance of my intention, I forewarn you that I shall have you summoned."

"You can do so, if you think proper."

The Jew went away, grumbling, and Don Phillip was summoned, at his instance, to appear before the court, in eight days. He presented himself, on the day of trial, at the tribunal. The Jew stated his case.

"Do you acknowledge the debt?" asked the judge.

"I not only do not acknowledge it," replied Don Phillip, "but must say that I am entirely ignorant of the cause for which I am made to appear in this place."

"Prove your claim," said the judge to the prosecutor.

The Jew drew forth the bond, from his pocket-book, and, without opening it, handed it to the judge. The judge unfolded the paper and, casting a glance over it:

"Yes," said he, "this is certainly a bond; but I do not see any signature."

"What!" cried the Jew, growing pale.

"Examine it, yourself," said the judge; and he handed it to the Jew, who started back, with astonishment, when he saw that the signature, as if by magic, had disappeared.

"Infamous robber," cried the Jew, turning toward Don Phillip, "you shall pay for this."

"Pardon, my dear Mr. Felix, you deceive yourself; on the contrary, it is you who will have to pay." Then, turning toward the judge, "I ask permission of your excellency," said he, "to institute a suit, in consequence of the insult to which I have been subjected, without cause, in the presence of the court."

"It is granted," replied the judge.

Don Phillip immediately commenced suit against the Jew, for defamation, and, as the insult had been public, judgment was soon obtained. The Jew was condemned to three months' imprisonment and ordered to pay a fine of a thousand crowns.

We will now explain the miracle. Don Phillip, instead of dipping it in the ink, had, simply, put the pen in his mouth, and written his signature with saliva. The blue sand, which he threw over it, adhering to the humid writing, formed the letters, which disappeared as soon as the paper became dry. Don Phillip made six thousand francs by this little trick of legerdemain, but he lost the remains of his credit; it is true, however, that his credit would not, in all probability, have brought him six thousand francs.

But a thousand crowns, no matter how well they may be husbanded, will not last for ever; Don Phillip, besides, had sufficient faith in his own genius, to avoid pushing his economy to such an extent as to become miserly. He attempted to negotiate a new loan, but the affair of poor Felix had made much noise, and, although no one pitied the Jew, all showed a decided repugnance to trusting a juggler, skilful enough to efface his signature in the pocket of his creditor.

Meanwhile the first of April arrived. The fourth of May is, at Naples, the day of general removal. Don Phillip owed two months' rent to his landlord, who had signified to him that, if the amount were not paid in twenty-four hours, he would take the necessary measures to eject him, at the end of the term. The end of the term came and, as Don Phillip had not paid the rent, all his furniture, with the exception of his bed and that of an old family domestic, who remained by him, through all his vicissitudes, was seized and sold. On the day, before he was to be turned from the house he had occupied, he set out in quest of other lodgings. His design was not easily accomplished; Don Phillip was becoming known in Naples. Despairing, at last, of

finding a landlord with whom he might hope to make a friendly engagement, he determined to provide himself with a domicile by force or surprise. He knew a house which the owner, an old miser, allowed to fall into ruins because of the money it would cost to repair it. In former times, Don Phillip would have regarded this house as unworthy of him, but, in his adverse fortune, he had become easy to satisfy. He ascertained, during the day, that the house was unoccupied, and, at nightfall, his old servant and himself, carrying their beds with them, set out on their way toward their new domicile. They found the door closed; a window was open, however, into which Don Phillip clambered and opened the door for his companion. He selected one of the best chambers, directed his servant to do the same, and, in a little while they were snugly installed.

Some days after, the old miser, on visiting his house, was surprised to find it inhabited. This was a windfall for him, as the house was in such a ruinous condition, that he had been unable, for two or three years, to rent it to any one. He did not go in, but, after calling two neighbors, to witness that his house was occupied, went away, without saying a word. On the last day of the term, Don Bernardo, presented himself, to his tenant, and, after a great many bows:

"Sir," said he, "I have come to receive the rent, which, in making me an agreeable surprise by taking possession of my house, without my knowledge, you have desired to owe me."

"My dear, my estimable friend," said Don Phillip, squeezing his hand, affectionately, "inquire, where I have hitherto lived, if I have ever paid my rent, and, if you find a landlord, in all Naples, who will reply affirmatively, I agree to pay you double the sum which you pretend that I owe you, as truly as my name is Don Phillip Villani."

At this redoubtable name the landlord grew pale. Up to this moment he had been ignorant of the illustrious personage, who had done him the honor to occupy his house. Don Phillip's supernatural reputation, flashed across his mind, and he believed himself not only ruined, by having an insolvent tenant in his house, but eternally lost in consequence of having had business with a sorcerer. Don Bernardo retired, to reflect upon the proper course to pursue. If he had been the Devil on Two Sticks he would have carried away the roof, but as he was, simply, a poor devil, he decided to let it fall; an event which, in consequence of the dilapidated condition of the house, could not be long delayed.

The rainy season had set in, and it is well known that when it rains, at Naples, the water

falls, in earnest, when the landlord, again, entered his house. Don Phillip had removed from chamber to chamber, to escape the deluge, and the landlord believed, at first, that his tenant had decamped; but his illusion was of short duration. Guided by the tones of Don Phillip's voice, he entered a little closet, somewhat more impermeable than the rest of the house, and found his worthy tenant in bed, holding an opened umbrella above him, in one hand, and, in the other, a book, from which he was declaiming, in a loud voice, the lines of Horace:

"Impavidum ferient ruinae!"

The landlord remained, for an instant, mute and motionless, at the sight of the enthusiastic resignation of his tenant, then at last, recovering his power of speech:

"You do not intend to go, then?" said he, in an alarmed and tremulous voice.

"Listen to me, my brave friend; hear me, my worthy landlord," said Don Phillip closing his book; "to get me away, it will be necessary to commence a suit; that is evident; we have no lease, and I have possession. Now, I will let judgment go by default, one month; I will file an opposition to the judgment, another month; you will be compelled to re-summon me, third month; I will enter an appeal, fourth month; you will obtain a second judgment, fifth month; I will sue for an annulment, sixth month. You see that, in this way, and I make the lowest calculation, a year will be expended besides the costs."

"The costs!" cried the landlord; "why you will be condemned to pay the costs."

"Doubtless; I shall be condemned to pay the costs, but you will pay them, nevertheless; for, as I have not a sou, and as you are the prosecutor, you will be required to advance the money."

"Alas, it is but too true," murmured the landlord, with a deep sigh.

"This is a matter of six hundred ducats," continued Don Phillip.

"Very nearly," replied the landlord, who had rapidly calculated, in his mind, the fees of judges, lawyers and clerks.

"Well, let us do better than that, my worthy friend, let us compromise."

"I could not ask any thing better; what is your proposition?"

"Give me half the sum and I will leave your house—voluntarily,—on the instant,—in a neighborly manner."

"What! give you three hundred ducats to leave my own house, when you, already, owe me two months' rent."

"The payment of the money will procure a discharge."

"But this is impossible."

"Very well. I made the proposition merely to oblige you."

"To oblige me, wretch!"

"Come, no big words; they did not succeed, you know, with papa Felix."

"Well!" said the miser, with an effort to control himself; "I will give half the sum you ask."

"Three hundred ducats," said Don Phillip, "not a grain more, not a grain less."

"Never!" shouted the landlord.

"Take care that I do not ask double this sum when you return."

"Well, I will risk the suit, even if it cost me six hundred ducats."

"Do so, my brave man, do so."

"To-morrow you will receive the summons."

"I shall expect it."

"Go to the ———."

"Adieu, my dear friend, I shall look forward with pleasure to our next meeting."

And, as Don Bernardo went out, in a transport of fury, Don Phillip continued his ode: *Iustum et tenacem.*

The next day passed away, the succeeding one followed, a week rolled by, and, as Don Phillip had expected, no summons made its appearance; so far from it, on the fifteenth day after, the landlord presented himself, as gentle and humble as on his departure, he had been savage and menacing.

"My dear tenant," said he, "you are so persuasive that it is impossible to resist you; here are the three hundred ducats you have exacted and I hope you will keep your promise. You said that, if I brought you three hundred ducats, you would, voluntarily, leave my house, at once, in a neighborly spirit."

"If you had paid me the sum, on the day I made the proposal, I should, most certainly, have done so; but you must remember I said that, if you delayed, the amount required should be double. You did not accept my proposition, at once, so pay me six hundred ducats, my dear sir, and I shall retire."

"Why this will ruin me."

"It is but the twentieth part of the sum which was, yesterday, offered for your house."

"What! you say—"

"That Milord Bloomfield will give you ten thousand crowns for it."

"Are you a magician?"

"I thought that was known. Pay me my six hundred ducats, my dear friend, and I retire."

"Never!"

"At your next visit it will be twelve hundred."

"I will give you four hundred and fifty."

"Six hundred, my friend, six hundred, and remember, if you do not give a reply to Milord Bloomfield, by to-morrow, Milord Bloomfield will purchase the house of your worthy brother, papa Felix."

"Come," said the landlord, drawing pen and paper from his pocket, "give me your obligation; although they say that your obligation and nothing are equivalent."

"What! my obligation! my receipt you mean."

"Give me your receipt, then; and say nothing more about it. Here is your money."

"Well; here is your receipt."

"Now," said the landlord, showing him the door.

"That is just," replied Don Phillip, moving away.

"But your servant?"

"Marie!" cried Don Phillip.

The domestic made her appearance.

"Marie, my child, we are going to remove; take my umbrella, bid adieu to our worthy landlord, and follow me."

Marie took up the umbrella, made a curtsy to Don Bernardo, and followed her master.

The landlord waited all the next day, in expectation of the visit of Milord Bloomfield. He waited all the following day; he waited all the week but, Milord Bloomfield did not make his appearance. The poor landlord visited all the hotels in Naples, but no one knew an Englishman of that name. One evening, however, dropping into the Fiorentini, Don Bernardo saw an actor, who bore as close a resemblance, to the invisible lord, as two drops of water to each other. He thought that the actor might, possibly, have some connexion with Don Phillip. Upon inquiry, he learned that they were not only intimate friends, but that the actor would comply with any request of the sharper, to whom he was indebted for the puffs of his personations, which appeared in the only literary journal of Naples, the "*Rat Savant*."

Thanks to this smile of fortune, Don Phillip was enabled to take comfortable lodgings for which, to gain the confidence of the landlord, he paid a month's rent, in advance. He purchased, besides, some necessary articles of furniture. Six hundred ducats, however, with a man to whom the future so certainly belonged, could not last for any great length of time; but, the exactitude, with which he paid his accounts, gave him some credit again, and, by the time the six hundred ducats were exhausted, he managed to borrow five hundred more. These five hundred ducats diminished, like the others; they disap-

peared, at last, but the bond remained. There are two things which never cease to exist, a bond and the remembrance of a favor conferred. Every bond has its pay-day; that of Don Phillip's arrived; the creditor followed pay-day, the bailiff followed the creditor and an execution followed the bailiff.

On the eve of the day, on which the execution was to take effect, Don Phillip came home, carrying a quantity of the most magnificent and rare old porcelain. It is true that every one of these pieces of porcelain was in fragments, but it is true, also, that not one of these fragments was broken. With the assistance of his old servant he drew a table up against the door, arranged the porcelain upon it, and then went to bed to await, calmly, the course of events.

This it was very easy to foresee. At eight o'clock, next morning, the bailiff knocked at the door: there was no response; he knocked a second time: the same silence; he knocked a third time: nothing. The bailiff went for a commissary of the police, and a locksmith; the three made their appearance before Don Phillip's door. The bailiff knocked again, as uselessly as the first time; the commissary gave the locksmith authority to open the door; the locksmith introduced an instrument into the key-hole, and the bolt receded. Something, however, still obstructed their entrance; the door did not open.

"Must I force it?" asked the bailiff.

"Force it," replied the commissary.

The locksmith applied his shoulder, the door gave way, and a crash was heard like what might have been produced by the overturning of the stall of a porcelain merchant.

"Help! help! murder! thieves!" cried a loud voice. "I am a lost man! I am ruined!"

The commissary entered, the bailiff followed the commissary, and the locksmith followed the bailiff. They found Don Phillip, tearing his hair over the fragments of porcelain, which were infinitely multiplied.

"Ah! wretches!" cried Don Phillip, when he perceived the officers; "you have broken two thousand crowns' worth of china for me!"

This would have been, at least, the price of the china if it had not been previously broken. The commissary and the bailiff were, however, ignorant of this fact; they found themselves face to face with the fragments; the table had been overturned, and the porcelain was in pieces; this misfortune was attributable to their agency, and though they were not legally bound to make good the loss they were not the less bound to do so, conscientiously. It may be well supposed that, at such a time, nothing was said of the execution. It was entirely out of the question to

think of seizing, for the paltry sum of five hundred ducats, the furniture of a man, for whom they had broken two thousand crowns' worth of porcelain!

The commissary and bailiff attempted to console Don Phillip; but he was inconsolable, not, precisely, on account of the value of the porcelain, for he had, in his lifetime, met with more considerable losses; but he was only a depository. The owner was an amateur of curiosities, he would come to reclaim his trust; Don Phillip would be unable to make good the loss; Don Phillip was dishonored.

The commissary and the bailiff conferred together. If the affair became known it would operate much to their prejudice. The law gave them the power to seize furniture, but not to break it. They offered Don Phillip three hundred ducats, as part indemnity for his loss, and promised to use their influence, with his creditor, to obtain a month's respite. Don Phillip displayed a great deal of delicacy toward the bailiff and the commissary. True grief is no calculator. He consented to every thing, without discussion. The commissary and bailiff retired, extremely grieved at the distressing result of their visit.

The respite granted to Don Phillip, rolled by, without his having dreamed, as may be suspected, of paying his creditor a son upon account. The result was that, one morning, when Don Phillip looked carefully out of his window, a precaution which he always observed when a warrant was out for him, he saw his house besieged by officers. Don Phillip was a philosopher. He determined to pass the day in meditation upon the vicissitudes of human life and go out in the evening, only. Besides, it was now the heat of summer and, in the heat of summer, who, with the exception of dogs and constables, traverse the streets of Naples? Eight days passed, during which the officers kept strict, but fruitless watch. On the ninth Don Phillip rose, as usual, at ten o'clock in the morning; Don Phillip had become very indolent since he had determined to keep within doors. He looked out of the window; the street was empty; not a single officer was to be seen. Don Phillip knew the activity of the enemy, with whom he was at war, too well, to suppose that, without any reason, he had been left at liberty on such a fine morning. His persecutors had either hidden themselves, for the purpose of seizing upon him, at the moment he put his foot outside his door, to respire the fresh air, for which he was famishing; (the expedient was unworthy both of them and himself!) or, they had gone to the president for the purpose of obtaining authority to enter his house, and arrest

him. This idea had scarcely passed through the head of Don Phillip when, with the instinct of genius, he felt it to be the true reason of his respite. The danger had, at last, become worthy of him, and it was now necessary to make preparations to meet it.

Don Phillip was one of those skilful generals who never risk a battle, except when success is certain, and who, when it is necessary, know, like Fabius, how to temporize, and, like Hannibal, how to use stratagem. On this occasion it was not his policy to give battle. The object he had in view was to effect a safe retreat to a church: a church at Naples being an asylum for thieves, assassins, parricides, and also, for insolvent debtors. But it was not so easy to reach a church, the nearest one being, at least, six hundred paces distant. There is as we have stated a book entitled "Naples without sun," which points out to pedestrians the means of traversing the streets of Naples, without the inconvenience of exposure to the burning rays of the ruler of the day; but there is none entitled "Naples without officers." A sublime thought, suddenly, passed through his brain. On the previous evening his old servant had been a little indisposed. He went into her room, and found her still in bed. He felt her pulse.

"Marie," said he, shaking his head, "my poor Marie; you are worse this morning, than you were yesterday."

"No, your excellency; on the contrary," replied the old woman, "I feel so much better that I am about to get up."

"No, my good Marie, I cannot allow you to do so; you must be very careful. The pulse is small, quick, sharp and full; there are symptoms of plethora."

"Oh heaven! my dear master, what is that?"

"It is a congestion of the vessels which carry the venous blood to the extremities, and bring the arterial blood back to the heart."

"Is it dangerous, your excellency?"

"All disease is dangerous, my poor Marie, to the philosopher, but to the christian it is a subject for adoration; death itself which is a source of terror to the philosopher is, to the christian, one of rejoicing; the philosopher endeavors to fly from it, but the christian hastens to prepare himself for it."

"Do you believe the hour has come when it is necessary to think of the salvation of my soul?"

"We should always think of it, my good Marie, that we may not be taken in an unprepared condition."

"Do you think the time has come when I should make the last preparation for death?"

"No, no, you are, certainly, not so bad as that;

but, were I in your place, I would, notwithstanding, have the holy sacrament administered."

"Ah! good heaven!"

"Come, come, courage! if you do not think it necessary, yourself, have it administered for my sake. I am very much troubled, and it would relieve me, I assure you, if you were to do so."

"Ah! I feel much worse!"

"There, you see!"

"And I do not know if there is yet time."

"It is pressing, undoubtedly."

"Oh! the sacrament, the sacrament, my dear master!"

"On the instant, my good Marie."

The porter's boy was despatched to the parish Church, and in ten minutes after, the sacristan's bell was heard at the door. Don Phillip breathed again. Old Marie performed her last devotions with a humility and faith which were very edifying to all the spectators. These finished, her pious master, who had given her this good counsel, and who had not quitted her bed side, during the whole time, took one of the staffs of the canopy, under which, on these occasions, the officiating priest walks, to accompany the procession to the Church. As he stepped out of the door of his house, he found in waiting, the police officers, who, with their warrant in hand had come to arrest him. At sight of the holy sacrament they fell upon their knees, and saw pass, before them, first, the sacristan ringing his bell; two lazzaroni, representing angels; the workmen of the parish: a portion of whom are required to take part in these ceremonies, with torches in their hands, marching in pairs; and finally, the priest, bearing the holy sacrament, accompanied by their debtor grasping one of the poles of the canopy, with both hands, and singing at the top of his voice: *Te Deum Laudamus*. They had the satisfaction of seeing him pass before their eyes without daring to arrest him. When he reached the Church, and found himself in a place of security, he wrote to Marie that she was no more sick than himself, and requested her to join him, immediately. An hour after, the worthy couple were re-united. The creditor found in the deserted domicile, four chairs, a table, and four baskets of broken porcelain; the whole was sold by the crier, for ten carlini.

Don Phillip was no longer in need of furniture, he had found, for the time, furnished lodgings. His friend the actor, who so admirably counterfeited the English, had suddenly become a millionaire by one of those freaks of fortune, which are as unexpected as welcome. An Englishman, immensely rich, had an attack of spleen and had come to Naples, for the same purpose that all

other Englishmen come there. He had gone to see Polichinello, and had not laughed, he had listened to the sermons of the Capuchins, and had not laughed, he had witnessed the miracle of Saint Gennaro, and had not laughed. His physician looked upon him as a lost man. One day he took it into his head to go to the Fiorentini, where they were to play. "*Anglaises pour rire*," by the most illustrious signor Scribe.

In Italy every thing is by Scribe. I have seen performed, "*Marino Faliero*," by Scribe; "*Lucretia Borgia*," by Scribe; "*Antony*," by Scribe, and, when I left, the "*Sonneur de Saint Paul*," by Scribe, was announced.

The patient went, as we have said, to see "*Anglaises pour rire*," by Scribe, and, at the sight of Lelio who performed one of the characters, (Lelio was the name of Don Phillip's friend,) our Englishman laughed, so much, that his physician feared, for a moment, that his spleen was not affected. The next day he went, again, to the Fiorentini. The "*Deux Anglais*," by Scribe, was performed, and the invalid laughed still more than at his former visit. On the following day the patient who was not sparing of the remedy, which did him so much good, visited the Fiorentini for the third time. He saw the "*Groudeur*," by Scribe, and laughed still more than he had done on either of the preceding nights. The result was, that the Englishman who had become unable to eat or drink, recovered so rapidly that in about three months after, indulging to excess in Macaroni and Calabrian Muscat, he died of indigestion. Full of gratitude to Lelio, who had cured him, the worthy islander left the actor an income of three thousand pounds sterling. The player retired from the stage, styled himself Don Lelio, and rented the first story of a handsome palace, on Toledo street, where, faithful to the duties of friendship, he offered Don Phillip Villani an apartment. It was this offer, made only the evening before, which rendered Don Phillip regardless of the loss of his furniture.

A year passed away, and nothing was heard of Don Phillip Villani. Some asserted that he had gone to France, where he had become a contractor upon one of the rail roads; others that he was in England, where he had invented a new gas. No one, however, could say, positively, what had become of Don Phillip Villani, when, on the 15th of November, 1835, the congregation of pilgrims received the following notice:

"Sire Don Phillip Villani, being deceased of spleen, the venerable Fraternity of Pilgrims is requested to give the necessary orders for his obsequies."

That our readers may understand the import of this notice, we will explain the manner in which

funeral ceremonies are conducted at Naples. The dead, in accordance with an old custom, are buried in the churches. It is an unwholesome practice: the decomposing bodies, poison the air, and produce plague and cholera; but, no matter it is the custom, and, from one end of Italy to the other, all bow before this word. The nobles have chapels, which belong to their families, enriched with marble and, gold and ornamented with pictures, by Domenichino, Andrea del Sarto and Ribeira. The common people are thrown pell mell, men and women, old persons and children, into the common grave, in the centre of the great nave of the church. The paupers are carried, in a cart, by two *croque-morts*, or undertaker's men, to the Campo-Santo. This is regarded as the most terrible misfortune, the deepest abasement, the most cruel punishment which can be heaped upon the unfortunate wretches who, having fought against misery all their lives, feel its weight, after they are dead, only. On this account every one, during his life time, takes precautions to escape the *croque-morts* and the cart of Campo-Santo. To accomplish this end societies have been formed for the purpose of securing suitable funeral rites to citizens, and they take out insurances, not upon life, but death.

The general form of reception, into one of the fifty dead clubs of the gay city of Naples, is as follows: One of the members of the society, presents the neophyte, who is elected a brother, by a secret ballot. From this time, whenever he wishes the performance of any religious ceremony, he goes to the church of his brotherhood, which is now his adopted parish, and, for a small monthly contribution, receives the sacrament, is confirmed, married, has the extreme unction administered during life, and is, finally, magnificently interred after death.

If, on the contrary, this formality have been neglected, it is not only necessary to pay, dearly, for all these ceremonies during life, but the relatives of the deceased, no matter to what class he belongs, or how rigidly he may have observed all his religious duties, are compelled to expend incredible sums to purchase that funeral magnificence, which is the pride of the Neapolitan.

If the defunct should have belonged to one of these societies it is quite another matter. The relatives have nothing in the world to do but weep, more or less, for the dead; all the arrangements, all the expenses, and all the splendors are taken care of by the fraternity. The deceased is pompously conveyed to the church. He is deposited in a particular grave, upon which is written his name, the dates of his birth and death, and yet more: his virtues are recorded in two lines, at the discretion of the relatives. During a whole

year masses are said, daily, for the repose of the soul of the deceased. But this is not all: on the second of November, the fête day of the departed, the catacombs of all the Fraternities are opened to the public; the squares, in front of the churches, are covered with black velvet, flowers and perfumes scent the air, and the vaults are lit up like the Saint Charles theatre, on the grand gala evenings. The skeletons of the brothers, who have died during the past year, arrayed in their finest clothes, are placed, religiously, in the niches prepared for them, around the saloon. They then receive their relatives who, proud of them, bring their friends and acquaintances, to show the seemly manner in which the dead of their families are treated. After this ceremony they are definitively interred in a garden of orange trees, called *Terra Santa*.

These corporations have very respectable rights, privileges and revenues. They are governed by a prior, elected every year, from amongst the brotherhood. There are fraternities for all classes: for the nobles and magistrate, for the merchants and the workingmen. One, only, the Fraternity of Pilgrims, which is among the most ancient, admits, with an equality that does honor to the manner in which they have preserved the primitive spirit of the church, both nobles and plebeians. In this body not the slightest privileges are granted to any particular portion; all take their seats upon the same benches; all wear the same costume; all obey the same laws, and the republican spirit, of the institution, is pushed to such an extent that the prior is chosen one year from amongst the nobles, and the next, from the plebeians. The order has never once been inverted since the institution came into existence.

It was of this honorable fraternity that Don Phillip Villani made a part; and he felt, so sensibly, the importance of remaining a member that, low as he had been cast by the wheel of fortune, he had always, piously and scrupulously, paid his part of the annual and general assessment. There was affliction, but not surprise, when the notice of the death of Don Phillip was received at the office of the brotherhood. The choice of the majority had fallen, this year, upon a celebrated fish merchant, who enjoyed a reputation for piety which, at any period, would have been remarkable, but which, in these days, was truly wonderful. It was his province as prior, to execute the orders for the interment of Don Phillip Villani; he, therefore, sent his workmen to No. 15 Toledo street, the last residence of the defunct, to put the chamber in mourning, convoked the brothers, and ordered the chaplain to hold himself in readiness. Twenty-four hours after the decease, the time required by law, the procession took up

its march toward the house of Don Phillip. A count, selected from amongst the most ancient Neapolitan noblesse, bore in front the standard of the fraternity. Then came the brothers, two by two, preceding a coffin-case of massive silver, richly carved and chased, and covered with a magnificent red velvet pall, embroidered and fringed with gold; this was borne by twelve vigorous porters. Behind the box walked the prior, alone, bearing in his hand, his ivory headed ebony staff, the sign of his office. Finally, behind the prior, the procession closed with the respectable body of the paupers of Saint Gennaro.

As we are treading upon ground little known to our readers, they will pardon a new digression, which has for its object the explanation of what is meant by the paupers of Saint Gennaro; after that is accomplished we will take up our interesting history, at the place where we left off. At Naples, when domestics have become too old to serve their masters, who are, generally, very difficult to serve, they change their condition, and enter into the service of Saint Gennaro, the most easy patron that has ever existed. When a domestic has reached that age or attained to that degree of infirmity, which is necessary before he can become a pauper of Saint Gennaro, and his diploma is signed by the treasurer of the Saint, he need trouble himself about nothing more, except to pray heaven to send as many interments as possible. There is no funeral, indeed, at all fashionable, without the paupers of Saint Gennaro. All the dead, who respect themselves, should have the paupers of Saint Gennaro in their procession. They are invited, and go to the domicile of the deceased, receive three carlini a head, accompany the body to the church and to the place of sepulture, each holding in his hand a little black banner, on the end of a lance. Whilst they are in company with the procession, the greatest respect is paid to the paupers of Saint Gennaro; but there is no medal, however richly gilded it may be, without its reverse side. The moment the unfortunate paupers lose the protection of the coffin, the spell which, hitherto, protected them, is gone, and they have become, simply, the *death-lancers*. They are then hooted, spit upon, pursued and driven home under a shower of orange peeling and cabbage stalks, unless by good luck, a dog, with a saucepan tied to his tail, pass between them and their assailants. It is well-known that, in all parts of the world, a dog and a saucepan, united by a string, make an event of grave consequence.

The standard-bearer, the brothers, the coffin case, the porters, the fish merchant, and the paupers of Saint Gennaro, reached No. 15 Toledo street; and there the procession, as this was its

destination halted. Four porters ascended to the first story, took up the coffin, descended, and deposited it in the silver box; the prior struck his staff against the ground, and the procession retook the way by which it had come, and slowly entered the church of the pilgrims.

On the evening following the obsequies, the prior having been, all day, closely confined at his counter started out to take his customary turn upon the Mole. He was, mentally, reciting a *De profundis*, for the soul of Don Phillip Villani as he walked along, when on turning the corner of San Giacomo street, he saw a man coming toward him, who so nearly resembled the defunct, that, astonished at the sight, he was unable to proceed. The man continued to advance, and, as he drew nearer, the resemblance became more and more striking. At last, when he approached within ten steps, there was no longer any room for doubt: it was the shade of Don Phillip Villani, himself. The spirit without appearing to observe the effect it produced, advanced straight towards the prior. The poor fish merchant was unable to stir, the perspiration poured down his brow, his knees struck together, his teeth chattered with a convulsive movement; he attempted to call for help, but, like Eneas, at the tomb of Polydorus, his voice died in his throat, and a heavy and inarticulate sound, only, resembling a cry of agony escaped him.

"Good day, my dear prior," said the phantom, smiling.

"*In nomina Patris et Filii et Spiritus sancti*," murmured the prior.

"*Amen!*" responded the phantom.

"*Vade retrò, satanas!*" cried the prior.

"What is the matter, my dear sir?" asked the phantom, looking round, as if seeking the cause of the poor fish merchant's terror.

"Go! kind soul!" continued the prior, "and I promise that masses shall be said for thy repose."

"I do not need your masses," replied the phantom, "but if you will give me the money, you purpose to devote to that good work, it will be agreeable."

"It is, indeed, he," said the prior; "he returns from the other world to borrow; it is indeed, he."

"He! who?" demanded the phantom.

"Don Phillip Villani."

"Well, who the deuce would you wish it to be?"

"Pardon, my dear brother," said the prior, trembling; "may I, without indiscretion, inquire where you live, or rather where you did live?"

"No. 15 Toledo street; but why do you ask the question?"

"Because three days ago, being informed that you were dead, we went to your house, placed

your coffin in the catafalco, carried you to the church, and interred you."

"I thank you for the condescension."

"But how is it that, since you died, three days ago, and were buried yesterday, I meet you to-day?"

"I am resuscitated," said Don Phillip.

And, giving the good prior a friendly tap on the shoulder, he pursued his way. The prior stood for ten minutes on the same spot, watching Don Phillip who, finally, disappeared around a corner of Toledo street. The first thought of the good prior was, that heaven had performed a miracle in favor of Don Phillip, but, upon reflection, the choice seemed so strange that he called a meeting of the chapter of the Fraternity, in the evening, to solve his doubts. The worthy merchant related to the meeting, his encounter with Don Phillip, and how Don Phillip had spoken and informed him that he had risen from the dead. Of the ten, who composed the board, nine appeared disposed to believe the miracle; the remaining one shook his head.

"Do you doubt my statement?" demanded the prior.

"Not the least in the world," replied the incredulous brother; "but I have little faith in ghosts, and as, under this occurrence it seems to me, some new trick of Don Phillip may be hidden, I think it would be advisable for want of more ample information, to enter suit against him for damages, for having allowed himself to be buried, at our expense, when he was not dead."

On the next day a summons was left with the porter of No. 15 Toledo street, couched in these words:

"This 18th of November, in the year 1835, at the instance of the venerable Fraternity of Pilgrims, I, the undersigned, bailiff of the civil tribunal of Naples, summon the late Don Phillip Villani, deceased on the 15th of the same month, to appear in eight days, before the said tribunal, to prove, legally, his death, and in default thereof, to be condemned to pay, to the said venerable Fraternity of Pilgrims, one hundred ducats damages, the expenses of the interment, and costs of the suit."

It was on the day, when the trial of this cause was to come on, that we found ourselves in the midst of the crowd which awaited the opening of the court. The court room opened, the crowd precipitated itself into the audience hall, and carried us along with it. Every body expected the defunct would be condemned by default, but all were deceived. The deceased appeared, to the great astonishment of the crowd, which opened to give him passage with a shudder; showing that those who composed it, were not quite certain

that Don Phillip was still a being of this world. Don Phillip advanced, with that grave and solemn step, usual to phantoms, and stopping before the tribunal, bowed respectfully.

"Mr. President," said he, "it is not I, who am dead, but one of my friends, in whose house I lodged. His widow charged me with the duties of his interment; and as, at the time, I needed money more than sepulture, I allowed him to be buried in my stead. What does the venerable Fraternity require? I had a right to one place of interment and funeral obsequies for one. My name was upon their catalogue; my name is stricken

from it. We are even. I had nothing more to sell and I sold my obsequies."

It was, in truth, poor Lelio who, although he had made others laugh so much, had himself died of spleen, and was interred in the place of Don Phillip. The latter was acquitted, to the great satisfaction of the crowd by which he was carried with shouts, and in triumph, to his door, No. 15 Toledo street.

When we left Naples, it was reported, that Don Phillip Villani was about to marry the widow of his friend, or rather, her three thousand pounds sterling.

"ABIDE IN ME."



"ABIDE in me;" saith the voice of love

To the pure and true of heart :
As the branch must cleave to the parent vine,

Or else the life depart ;
Fair fleeting flowers, and meteor gleams,

In the world ye still shall see ;
Ye shall walk in safety among them all,
If ye but "abide in me."

"Abide in me" while the light of youth
Thrills on through thy pulses fleet,
And the years go merrily dancing on,

Like the bounding heart and feet :
Sin bringeth wo in the earth below,
But joy springs full and free,
For the "clean of hand, and pure in heart,"
For they "abide in me."

"Abide in me," while ye walk the earth,
With pain and care oppress ;
And the light shall be clearer, more warm the love,
In my holy Heaven rest ;
"In the world ye shall suffer ;" bitter drops
In your life-cup oft shall be ;
"But be of good cheer" saith the "still small voice,"
And for ever "abide in me."

H. M.

LET US BE FRIENDS.

SPEAK to me friendly words,
Pleasant and warm ;
Coldness has chill'd me so,
Passion has thrill'd me so,
With its wild storm ;
Yet can a friendly voice,
Loving and true,
Wake into life again
All that most blessed me, when
Life's joy was new.

Meet me with thoughtful eyes,
Earnest and deep :
Though—from their living day,
Mine own be turned away,
Often—to weep :

What shall the sorrow be,
When earth has past ?
Angels shall sing to me,
God's word shall bring to me,
Peace at the last.

Give me an ardent heart,
Pure in its faith :
Then shall mine own be blest,
On its true strength to rest,
Changeless—till death.
Let the warm light of love
O'er me ascend ;
I will not alter then,
Wander or falter then,
Unto the end.

H. M.

THE ECHO.

FOR EVER thine ! when hills and seas divide,
When storms combine ;
When west winds sigh, or deserts part us wide—
For ever thine !

In the gay circle of the proud saloon,
Whose splendors shine ;

In the lone stillness of the evening moon—
For ever thine !

And when the light of song, that fires me now,
Shall life resign,
My breaking heart shall breathe its latest vow,
For ever thine !

From the German.

SKETCHES OF ITALY.—CONTINUED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A DAY AMONG THE ALPS."

NAPLES.—THE ASCENT OF VESUVIUS.



NAPLES! beautiful Naples—the old Parthenope—amid the gloom and obscurity of a far distant age, we seek in vain to trace out her early history. Founded some thirteen hundred years before the Christian era by a wandering Argonaut, peopled and enriched by Greeks from Rhodes, Athens, and Chalcis—shaken by earthquakes—flooded with fire—visited by pestilence—torn by revolutions, and ravaged by hostile armies in the lapse of the succeeding centuries: she still sits calm and queen-like upon the borders of her loveliest of bays, and beneath her fairest of skies, one of the most attractive and beautiful cities in the Garden of the World.

Thousands of miles from her battlements and domes, I see her at this moment as distinctly as when, the morning after my arrival, I first looked out upon her white walls and sleeping waters from the terraced roof of the Crocella.

Naples, once seen, is not readily forgotten. The impression made upon the stranger by the rare combination of beauties which he finds in her midst, is deep and abiding; and he must live long and journey far ere the Toledo and the Chiaja; Torrento and Posillipo; Vesuvius and Pompeii, fade from the vision of memory.

About the city and its environs: the Toro Faresi, and the Museo Borbonico; the people, their amusements and their habits, a *book* might readily be written: but start not reader, I have no idea of inflicting one upon you. I simply wish you to understand that what might well occupy a whole volume, cannot by any effort of ingenuity or condensation be compressed into a single article, and so you will please skip every thing else attractive in and about Naples, and prepare for an excursion to Vesuvius. This is after all the great lion. The approaching traveler, as the steamer rounds the promontory of Missenum, or the diligence rolls along the broad

and wooded avenue to Capo di Monte, looks ever for the column of smoke which, high above the crowded habitations of the city, rises to heaven from the cone of the burning mountain; and during his whole stay in the city, it is more than likely that his first look in the morning, and his last as he strolls home in the evening, will be directed to the same quarter.

The volume and height of the column of smoke are eagerly scanned, and if the red flames are seen fiercely shining out from their black shroud, then look out for a *rush* on the part of the stranger-population. The volcano is about to be invaded—curiosity and enthusiasm are astir—Resina and Portici will be swept through at full trot by countless vehicles, and the little children in the streets will stand in especial need of the services of that good angel, whose business it is to keep them from being run over.

For several days after my arrival in Naples, I kept up this surveillance upon the movements of the volcano, with the assiduity of a policeman watching a suspected stranger whose passport is not *en règle*, or an Englishman who has been pocketing bronzes at Pompeii; and my patience was about giving out, and I was resolved to visit the mountain, whether any lava were flowing or not, when, as good luck would have it, my morning glance was gladdened by an unusual cloud of dark and heavy smoke, which poured up from the mouth of the crater like a jet d'eau from an immense fountain, and lurid at intervals with tongues of flame, which could be seen in its midst. This was a chance not to be lost; so getting into a carriage on the Toledo with a couple of friends, off I started. As the carriage rolls along, however, I may as well tell you what is to be seen en route.

Dashing through the Largo al Palazzo, we passed the handsome palace of Ferdinand, and, turning to the right, drove by the San Carlos, the largest and most splendid Opera House in Italy. Passing through a crowded and dirty quarter, we reached the quays, and entered upon the broad street which leads along the shore of the bay to the town of Resina. The drive along the water side revealed some strange views of

lazzaroni life. This class is very numerous in Naples. They have come to be numbered among the objects of legitimate curiosity, and, to those who wish to learn how much wretchedness is compatible with continued existence, they are worth observation. They are the most perfect representatives of the genus *loafer* to be found in the world. How they live was ever a marvel to me. They are all too lazy to work,—many of them too lazy to beg, and, really, some of them seemed to me too lazy to eat. They drop the long strings of half-boiled maccheroni into their upraised and gaping mouths so slowly and indolently, that it would appear as if the food slid through lips, throat and gullet, into their stomachs, without the least labor of mastication.

If you are out late at night, as you trace your way home, carefully keeping the middle of the street, and looking around you every moment, for fear a draft upon your purse might suddenly be enforced by a stiletto in your side; you will see some of these miserable creatures stretched sound asleep beside the houses, or in the shadow of the court yards. If you rise early, you will see them emerging from all the bye-places and holes of the city, looking so dirty and wretched, that, ten to one, you make them suddenly rich by the bestowal of a carlino. They are notorious thieves, and so expert, that they will abstract purse or handkerchief from the pocket of the unwary stranger, as he saunters up the crowded streets, in broad daylight, so delicately that he will never even dream of their proximity. Indeed, such is their known attachment to handkerchiefs, that no stranger ever pretends to carry one in the streets of Naples, unless stowed away in a breast pocket or hidden in his hat. The first week of my stay in the city, was marked, among other things, I remember, by a rapid and startling decrease in the number of my *mouchoirs*. Every day that I went out, I had to take myself to task for my strange forgetfulness in not putting a handkerchief in my pocket;—the neglect was a matter of serious inconvenience to me, for in a warm climate my need of the article is frequent and pressing. I would have to go into a store on discovering my want, and purchase one. The very first time I paused to examine some specimen of lava in a shop window, and chanced to need my handkerchief, lo! it was among the missing. At first this was very inexplicable;—I was not wont to be so careless—I began to suspect something,—I kept my eyes open, and I soon unraveled the mystery. In fact, if a man wants to learn the art of stealing, he need only station himself at a corner of the *Toledo* and watch the operations

of the prowling lazzaroni in his vicinity, and he will soon be rewarded by a specimen of most dexterous thieving.

While speaking of this class, I may as well mention a fact which astonished me a good deal, at first, as it indicated a stage of wretchedness new to me even in Italy.

I had frequently noticed the little beggars in the streets and about the cafés, running eagerly after the ends of cigars, or quids of tobacco which were thrown away; and could not determine to what use they were applied. Passing along the quay one morning, however, I observed a number of women and dirty men, sitting upon the broad flag stones, Turkish-fashion, and before them spread out for sale upon sheets of papers, I saw these sweepings of the streets, whilst around were lazzaroni chaffering for cigar stumps and old quids,—in fact, buying the second hand and sun-dried tobacco for their pipes!

The scene upon the shore of the bay was truly animated. On the beach were groups of fishermen, in their picturesque garb, engaged in mending their boats, or spreading and drying their nets; whilst scores of dirty children, in conditions of perfect or imperfect nudity, rolled in the sand in the complete abandonment of infantile enjoyment.

Lazzaroni in every possible and imaginable state of filth and clothing,—some stretched full length, with their face to the sun, upon the stones of the street,—on the ledge of the quay, upon old boats,—basking in the sunshine and fast asleep;—others, with scarcely rags enough in the lot to make one garment, gathered in unstudied but striking groups, around some post or beside some stall, mutually assisting each other in an operation, which, in this region, is at once a luxury and a necessity,—*scratching*. Every moment we encountered a crowd gathered around an ambulatory theatre, wrapt in admiration of the queer antics of Punch. And such crowds!—made up of the oddest imaginable materials—alike in nothing save the manifest amusement they derive from the spectacle.

Market women, with their baskets of fish or vegetables upon their heads;—ragged children;—dirty friars;—neatly dressed shop girls;—bronzed fishermen, with their pantaloons rolled up to the knees, their blue shirts, and long red caps falling negligently upon one side;—sturdy lazzaroni, elbowing for places among the best;—and soldiers, off duty, dazzling the eye with the sheen of their brazen buckles and the whiteness of their pipe clayed accoutrements. Our whole continent could scarcely furnish forth such a medley;—so much beggary,—so much wretchedness,—so much filth, and so much happiness;—

for it seems to matter little in what condition of body or mind a Neapolitan may be, the contortions and shrill cries of Punch, never fail to gladden his heart and brighten his countenance. Punch is his god of Fun. Every day in the year he hears and sees him, eternally the same scolding, querulous, mountebank,—yet, he never tires. The three hundred and sixty-fifth exhibition, elicits as broad a grin and calls forth as loud a “*bravo*,” as the first, and, let who will lack followers, Punch is ever sure of his attendant and joyous crowd. It is a curious spectacle to one from northern lands, to see the extacies into which an Italian mob is thrown by such exhibitions. When the Italians are amused, they *are* amused;—when they laugh they *do* laugh;—the whole soul is poured forth in the extatic shout;—they give rein to their mirth in a manner which is as surprising to an Englishman or American, as it is impossible for him to imitate. You observe them yield to such extravagant demonstrations of feeling upon what, to our colder blood, seems such inadequate causes, that you are apt to think there is nothing noble or manly beneath the surface, and you feel tempted to despise a people who can so play the buffoon, when their land is groaning under the weight of a foreign despotism. And it seems stranger than all to you, that Naples should wear so smiling a face, and send up such hearty “*vivas*” at the fooleries of Punch, when it is the seat of the most grasping tyranny that rules in Italy. Yet, true as are these reflections, in the main, there are many and notable exceptions;—there are noble spirits in the land, who wear sackcloth for the degradation of their country, and who would strike for her deliverance at the risk of liberty and life, but that effort seems vain. The chain which European policy has cast around the beautiful limbs of the “Mother of Arts and Arms,” is too strong to be broken by any effort of theirs;—the redemption of Italy must be accomplished by the progressive spirit of the age, and by its influence upon the mightier governments who stand behind the scenes. But a truce to such speculations; let us hasten to our mountain.

At Portici we passed the royal palace, a large and handsome edifice. As we drove by, the quick, rattling noise of the wheels, changed into a deep, hollow, reverberating sound, as if we were driving over some vast excavation. *And so in fact we were.* One hundred feet beneath us, shrined in lava, were the palaces and temples, the monuments and habitations—all the evidences of the extent and wealth of a luxurious city. Cast one glance at yonder mountain, with its pillar of fire and cloud, and then descend

with me into the midnight gloom of Herculaneum!

The shaft through which you grope your downward way, *is cut for a depth of eighty feet through solid lava.* This fact, which has rendered the excavation a work of extreme difficulty, gives to the descent an element of awe, that produces upon the mind an impression wholly different from those we experience on a visit to Pompeii. There, all is open to the day,—the light pervades every room,—the flowers spring up in the old gardens, and the vines creep over the walls—all is ruin,—yet the fresh air fans your cheek, and your eye roams freely over the antique wreck.

But at Herculaneum, how great the change! The eye cannot pierce “*the palpable obscure*,” the heart sinks under the impression of awe, and an undefinable sensation of *dread* makes one almost tremble.

By narrow passages and uncovered steps, you grope onward and downward, between walls of dark and solid stone,—your guide, stopping at times, and throwing the torch light upon broken columns or on ruined seats, tells that you stand in the old Theatre, that here, sat the people—that there was the Proscenium, and here the consular station. Leading on through dark and narrow vaults, he points out upon the walls rich arabesques and stuccos, stained with Tyrian purple: he tells you that you are resting in the home of a Senator—that here the guests were welcomed,—in that room the family assembled,—here was spread the noonday meal,—there were the chambers for repose. You long for some token of life. You ask yourself if, indeed, these dark halls ~~were~~ ever the abode of man,—and if so, where are their inhabitants,—“*WHERE?*”—and the uplifted torch throws its sullen glare upon the outline of *a human face impressed in lava*,—a fearful but sufficient answer.

As we mounted the hill at Resina, we saw a large group of men collected near the house of the guide, whose business could very readily be divined. No sooner had the carriage passed into the court yard of Salvator's house, than the swarm was upon us. Beggars, guides, women and children—vociferating, shouting, begging, pushing and cursing;—the horses biting, the mules kicking, the children screaming;—whilst, we, the unfortunate objects of all this attention, and the unwilling cause of all this commotion, were hemmed in by a dense circle of brutes and men—stunned by the clamor, and maddened by the crowd; until we absolutely fought our way up the steps of the house.

From the security of the upper story I surveyed the scene below at my ease. The motley

throng filled the yard, whilst in a street beyond stood a reserve corps, ready for an onset in case we should slip out the back way. The scene was a rich one for a sketcher's pencil.—Some fifty sun burned faces were turned up to the balcony,—each guide shouting the peculiar qualities of his horse or donkey, and the lowness of his demands for his valuable services,—while a line of beggars leaned against the walls in the sunshine, and seemed patiently waiting for their time to come after the guides had succeeded.

The women held up their ragged brats whose hands were stuffed full of specimens of lava and the various ores found about Vesuvius, and while they urged you to buy of the children, they begged you to *give* to them. A few coppers thrown among them, got up a glorious row, and, after seeing it fairly under weigh, I turned to inspect the interior of the mansion.

Salvator is quite celebrated as a guide, and he no doubt finds the business a lucrative one. He furnishes both men and beasts, and is more worthy of confidence than the outside barbarians. I should state by the way, that the carriage road to Vesuvius stops at this village, and the ascent of the mountain from this point must be made partly on mules and partly upon foot. After finally arranging all the important preliminaries in the way of horse hire and man hire, and providing ourselves with stout canes, cut upon the mountain side, we descended into the street and mounted the queer looking beasts waiting to receive us. In size they somewhat resembled Canadian ponies, but, on the whole, seemed by long association with the donkeys of the village, to have acquired some of their peculiar beauties; and looked half horse and half mule: They are, however, strong and sure-footed beasts. As we passed out of the village, and I caught a glimpse of the road I was about to travel, I was instantly and strongly impressed with the idea that if they did not turn out to be the beasts they were cracked up as being, there existed a very strong probability that a nameless individual, for whom I have rather an affection, would stand a chance of getting his neck broken. The road was nothing better than a succession of ledges cut in the hard lava, and filled with loose scoria. As we slowly and carefully ascended, the view from our elevated position became each moment more beautiful. On either side of us were luxuriant vineyards, producing the famous Lachrima Christa wine—the vines springing from the cultivated lava—below us lay Resina and Portici, and further on, the beautiful city, circling her more beautiful bay. As we neared the Hermitage, we left vegetation behind us, and by a road, impassable to any horses but the light, sure-footed beasts adapted to such travel, entered a

region of frightful desolation—all around spread masses of lava, rough and uneven, broken now, as if by the passage of a plough, brown and clod-like in appearance; and again heaved into huge waves of black and shining stone. In different parts of this wide field of horror, we could distinguish by their differing color, the floods which successive eruptions had poured upon that devoted plain. After a laborious climb, we reached the Hermitage, and dismounting, entered the small and roughly plastered house which bears this name. Its inhabitant is a hale and sunbrowned veteran, who told me that he had passed twenty-three years of life beneath the smoke of the mountain, and he seems as safe and happy as if no sea of lava round him told of a fearful death. His house stands upon a bluff or promontory, which stretches almost to the base of Vesuvius, and at its foot, the floods of old eruptions have parted, as waves are parted by a vessel's prow, and it lifts its verdant ridge from the ocean of lava, green and unscathed. After drinking a bottle of fine Lachrima to the health of the Hermit Monk, we started once more upon our route—and, descending the hill, we traversed for a half hour more, the torrent of the last eruption. This part of the ascent gave proof of the peculiar fitness of the little horses which we rode, for their dangerous and laborious work. The sagacity with which they chose their way, was striking and amusing. When the increasing steepness of the ascent rendered them useless, we dismounted and addressed ourselves to work. Rejecting all aid of straps and hands, I started just behind the guide, and began the hardest climb on record in my history.

With a scorching sun, pouring down upon my back—rays which seemed red hot, and which went through clothing as though it were not—with a steep mountain before me, growing higher and steeper each time that I looked up to mark my progress—with coarse and sharp edged scoria and rocks beneath, which slipped from beneath the descending foot, and slid one down far faster than he could clamber up—now, ankle deep in ashes, now clinging to some projecting ledge—now winding round some larger mass than usual—half roasted, panting and wearied, yet keeping close behind the guide, I toiled on, and in thirty minutes from the base, I stood upon the summit of Vesuvius, and forgot in an instant, my labor and fatigue. Below me, in depth some five hundred feet, and more than a mile in circumference, spread the fearful circle of the crater. From its bed of lava, here cooled and hardened into waves of inky blackness, with bright fringes of sulphur—and there glowing with intensest heat, and yet rolling over in masses of fused and

burning stone; arose a sharp and perfect cone, some eighty feet in height—from the sides of this, the light blue smoke *oozed* out in delicate *flakes*, and crept up to the summit, from which burst a vast volume of dark smoke, with incessant flashes of lurid flame, and masses of lava and red hot stone. When I descended into the crater itself, and walking over the hardened, but yet warm lava, saw in the fissures over which I stepped, far below, the sea of fire above which I was treading; and approached as nearly as I dared some mass of burning lava yet rolling onward; and felt the heat of the surface growing each instant more insupportable, and the hot breath of the volcano burning my cheeks; the feelings of the moment were such as defy description.

After enjoying for a long time the *grand*, we descended to the *romantic*, and standing beneath the cone, and surrounded by burning lava, we made a most delicious *lunch*; a refreshment rendered doubly pleasant by the fatigue of the ascent, and the circumstances under which it was taken.

We had eggs which we had roasted in the hot sands of the mountain side—oranges which we had purchased upon the summit—and a bottle of delicious Lachryma Crista, which we emptied in toasts to friends at home, and by way of desert I lit a genuine Havana at a wave of fire which was slowly rolling over, and puffed a cloud in opposition to the volcano!

I left the crater and ascended to the summit, in time to witness a glorious sunset. By just such a light, should such a scene as spread beneath me be beheld—it was worthy of the richest hues of Heaven, and the loveliest tints I ever dreamed of, made beautiful the deep blue which hung over it. The West was bright “with all the rich and golden clouds which hang about the rising and the setting sun,” and the earth and water grew lovelier in the soft atmosphere of an Italian clime, as the great orb of day, sank slowly into a bed of gold which closed above him.

From the still waters of the Bay, facing the city, rose the fair Island of Ischia—next to the west came Procida—then stretched out into the wave, the far capes of Missenum—then intervened the charming Bay of Pozzuoli—next Posillipo reared his sacred head, and the lingering sunset fell on Virgil's Tomb—then came Castella d'Uova, and back of it, up from the kissing waters

of her encircling Bay, the white and gleaming city climbed up the hill sides and hid herself in vineyards. Next came the village of Portici—then Resina lay on the hill side, and on the brink of the glass-like waters, Torre del Greco, and Del Annunziata, looked out from lovely villas. Then came the Convent of the austere Camandoli, seated on the rocks, and lifted high above the lava fields around—beyond, a distant spot of white, fringed with green woods and fields, reveals the desolate Pompeii—yet farther on, Castel a Mare, shines in the parting sunlight, while above, Mount St. Angelo lifts high his rugged head, and the far Cape of Lorrento, and Capri, yet clearly seen and beautiful, completes the circle of the Bay.

After bidding the sun good night, I started on a stroll around the crater. The increasing darkness added grandeur to the scene. From the height above I could look down into the very mouth of the flaming gulf. Above me rose and rolled volumes of smoke, and flames shot up into the night, with bursts of lava, and showers of falling stones; while at each outbreak of fire, the hills around would echo the quick and startling panting of the mountain, as it labored in its fierce throes. Some hours passed before I could consent to take the downward path. The descent is made upon a side different from that which we had clambered up. It leads into the old crater, and the steep mountain side is covered deep with ashes.

We went down at a run, some times sinking knee deep in ashes—and sometimes striking a concealed rock, which would check our career with a shock which threatened to pitch us head foremost into the gulf beneath. In ten minutes we were down, gave a *buona mano* to the soldiers on duty on the mountain side; mounted our horses, and after a fine moonlight ride, entered the carriage at Resina, and rattled off to Naples. We enjoyed a fine view of the Bay as we drove through Portici. The torches in the boats of the fishermen shone like stars set in the silver waters; and the long line of glittering lights which marked the outline of the city, encircled her like the girdle of a Venus.

J. M. H.

Note.—The descent into Herculaneum can at present be made only from the side of Torre del Greco. The King has suspended the excavations at Portici, lest the town should cave in.

Baltimore, Md.

LOVE IN ABSENCE.

Oh! my dear peerless wife!
By the blue sky and all its crowding stars
I love you better—oh! far better than
Woman was ever loved. There's not an hour
Of day or dreaming night but I am with thee:

There's not a wind but whispers of thy name,
And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon,
But in its hues of fragrance tells a tale
Of thee, my love, to my fond anxious heart!

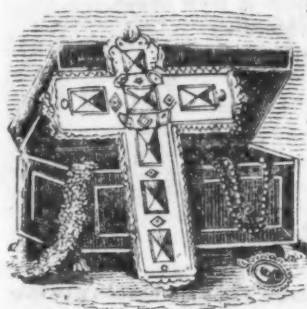
BARRY CORNWALL.

THE SACRIFICE.

BY AUG. J. H. DUGANNE.

PART FIRST.

I.



HE king is in his banquet hall,
His belted knights around;
And harps are ringing gaily
To the hautboy's shrilly sound;
And joy is on each countenance
Throughout that lofty hall,

For the monarch and his gallant knights
Now hold high festival.

II.

A martial step approacheth,
And a martial form draws nigh,
And his heavy armor rattleth,
And his plume is waving high.
"Now, by heaven!" quoth king Stephen,
"Seek ye thus your monarch's board?
Would ye join your liege lord's revels
With the dagger and the sword?"

III.

The knight sank on his bended knee,
His visor up he threw;—
The monarch frowned no more, for well
That countenance he knew:
"Now save thee, fair Sir Corydon—
Why kneel you thus to-night?
The banquet waits your presence, now,
And smiles of ladies bright."

IV.

"Ah! ladies bright are not for me—
A boon—a boon—I crave—
A boon, as thou art just, O, sire—
A boon, as thou art brave!
Dishonor foul, hath marr'd my name!—
O, monarch, grant my prayer—
I charge thee, by thy knighthood, king,
And by thy lady fair!"

V.

The monarch raised the kneeling knight—
"Thy pray'r is granted, now—
No hand of gentle demoiselle
Thou'lt ask of me, I trow."
"I crave a deadly fight, O king,
With Arnold of the glen—"

"Ha! God! sir knight, thou wouldst not beard
The Lion in his Den?"

VI.

"Sir king, he hath dishonored me—
A craven knight is he!
And I will teach the coward slave
To bend his crest to me.
His blood I'll have, sir king!"—"Hold, hold!
My royal word is pledged;
The knight shall meet thee—nerve thy arm—
Thy steel be doubly edged."

PART SECOND.

I.

The knights bestride their foaming steeds,
Their lances set in rest;
And grimly flash their steel-barr'd eyes,
And towers aloft each crest.
And now the herald's voice rings high,
And now the trumpet's blast;
And like a mighty avalanche
The war-steeds thunder past!

II.

The dust-clouds roll around the steeds
And hide the riders' forms;
The ground doth shake and quiver,
As it felt the mountain storms.
And now they crash together,
In a mighty, heaving, shock,
As the thunder-bolt of heaven meets
The adamant rock.

III.

Now the clouds of dust are rended,
And the sun looks forth again,
And the steeds are stretched and dying
On the trampled battle plain.
But the knights have left their coursers,
And they wield their iron blade,
While their war-cries, loud resounding,
Wake the echoes of the glades.

IV.

Now their blows fall thick and heavy—
And their shields are hacked away;
And their armor-seams are sundered.
In the fierce and fitful fray;
And the crimson tide is gushing
From beneath their shattered mail,
While the blows of death are falling
Like the stormy northern hail.

V.

Hark ! a woman's shriek resoundeth—
 And a woman's form is seen—
 And she cometh like the sunbeam
 All the stormy clouds between.
 Through the barrier she flieth,
 And across the lists she speeds,
 Where her brother wields his falchion,
 And her craven lover bleeds.

VI.

O, tell me, what is woman's love,
 That still it will burn on,
 When faith and vows are broken all,

And even hope is gone ?
 It slumbers like volcanic fire
 While all is ice above—
 Consuming still unseen, the heart—
 O, this is woman's love !

VII.

She springs between the combatants—
 But ah ! too late to save ;
 Their falchions pierce her bosom,
 She hath found a bloody grave ;—
 And the dying knights bend o'er her
 With their falchions in their hands,
 And the sacrifice is bleeding
 On the hot and thirsty sands.

THE LOVE OF LATER YEARS.

THEY err who deem Love's brightest hour in bloom-
 ing youth is known :
 Its purest, tenderest, holiest power in after life is
 shown,
 When passions chastened and subdued to riper years
 are given,
 And earth and earthly things are viewed in light that
 breaks from Heaven.

It is not in the flush of youth, or days of cloudless
 mirth,
 We feel the tenderness and truth of Love's devoted
 worth ;
 Life then is like a tranquil stream which flows in sun-
 shine bright,
 And objects mirrored in it seem to share its sparkling
 light.

'Tis when the howling winds arise, and life is like
 the ocean,
 Whose mountain billows brave the skies, lashed by
 the storm's commotion,
 When lightning cleaves the murky cloud, and thunder-
 bolts astound us,
 'Tis then we feel our spirits bowed by loneliness
 around us.

Oh ! then, as to the seaman's sight the beacon's twink-
 ling ray
 Surpasses far the lustre bright of summer's cloudless
 day,
 E'en such, to tried and wounded hearts in manhood's
 darker years,
 The gentle light true love imparts, mid sorrows,
 cares, and fears.

Its beams on minds of joy bereft their freshening
 brightness fling,
 And show that life has somewhat left to which their
 hopes may cling :
 It steals upon the sick at heart, the desolate in
 soul,
 To bid their doubts and fears depart, and point a
 brighter goal.

If such be Love's triumphant power o'er spirits
 touched by time,
 Oh ! who shall doubt its loveliest hour of happiness
 sublime ?
 In youth, 't is like the meteor's gleam which dazzles
 and sweeps by,
 In after life, its splendors seem linked with eternity.

BERNARD BARTON.

LILLY O'BRIAN.

(See Plate.)

THIS is another of the fine portraits from Mrs.
 S. C. Hall's "Sketches of Irish Character." The
 work is now complete in twenty-four num-
 bers, and is acknowledged to be one of the hand-
 somest printed and embellished books yet pub-

lished in this country. Lilly O'Brian is one of
 the most interesting and touching stories in the
 volume, and the Lilly herself a character to be
 loved by all.

THE TWO SISTERS.

BY LEWIS TOWSON VOIGT.

"This joie ne maie not written be with inke." *Chaucer, Troilus and Cresside, b. iii.*



BEAUTY and loveliness should but
be told

By loveliness and beauty, e'en as
flowers

In rainbow glory and rich odors
breathe

Their love-fraught language; words
are all too tame

Too cold and powerless!

But behold e'en here—

How sweetly, as it woos the memory back—
Of a most lovely, though a simple scene,
This rose-tree tells the story! see! where hid
Midst emerald leaves, whose ev'ry serrate edge
Sparkles with diamonds of the beading dew,
How gloriously these two fair roses bloom,
Mingling in close embrace their moisten'd cheeks
As though they kissed each other; whilst each leaf
Quivers with fragrance, as with conscious joy:
With fragrance, gushing from their glowing hearts,
As light from stars, or laughter from a babe,
And whose sweet breathings softly seem to sing
The hymn that thrills each pulse of nature—love.*

Those flowrets paint two sisters,—O! for words
Glowing with beauty to portray them,—one,
Like this magnificent, consummate rose,
Lovely as Eve in Eden, with the dew
Of the first Sabbath, the creation's breath,
Yet floating round her in its haloing light;
Her tresses, wreathing into many a curl,
Flowing as gently as wave melts in wave,
Clustered in rich profusion, as the grape
Clusters upon the vine,—her large, soft eye
Dim with the dews of love, revealed a soul
Pure as an infant's in its dreams of Heaven;
Whilst the glad sunlight of her brow, the hues
Mantling her varying cheek in every change,
Were exquisite as spring, and well became
The graceful moulding of her swanlike neck
And regal form, as proudly beautiful
As clarion music on the choral air,
Such was the elder maiden!

This fair bud,

Half blown, and glittering in the pearly light,
Like the glad eyes of an awaken'd babe
Kiss'd by its mother from its matin sleep,—
Low, soft, eolian whisperings, when night
Sends up the incense prayer of earth to Heaven—
The breath of hidden violets—the tones

* "I thought the universe was thrill'd with love,"
Dante Inferno, Canto 12.

Edenton, North Carolina, June 30, 1845.

Of song by moonlight o'er the waters borne,
Blent with the south's rich perfumes—these may well
Chime in the cadence which portrays the other.

Unmark'd they deem'd themselves as they stood by
A lattice, which the rose and woodbine wreathed
In loving rivalry, like visioned gems,
Those rainbow creatures that seem born of light
To joy in sunbeams, and to feed on flowers,
Bright humming-birds burn'd on the vesper air.
And through the gorgeous, golden haze, the sun
Pours forth at setting, rang the carollings
Of passionate music from th' uncharter'd birds.
The redolence, the minstrelsy, the skies
Melting in rich transparence, the bland air
Stary and vocal with all lovely things,
The wide, pervading beauty, almost seem'd
As though the cloud of sin, which darkly glooms
Heaven's sunlight, for the moment had unroll'd.
And God's own smile, unveil'd, beam'd on the world.
They had stood, circling each the other's neck,
In voiceless love twining their graceful arms,
Which glowed as snow-wreaths on a bank of snow
Flush'd by the sunset; but the chords within
Vibrating in the unison of love
With outward nature, silently they turned.
Moved by a mutual and spontaneous thought,
And to a closer embrace press'd their hearts,
Whilst their lips meeting, in a long—long kiss,
Lingered like bees on blossoms, as though each
Found honey on the others.

Then gush'd forth.

From the pure fount's affection stir'd within,
Sweet sounds of fondness, warblings, soft and low
And inarticulate—save to the heart—
Murmurings as plaintive as the cooing dove's
Mourning its mate, gently as infant rest
Lips in its dreamings, tuneful as the stream
Lulling the lilies on its cradling breast
When starry spangles light it.

Beautiful—

Thrillingly beautiful was that pure scene!
And fraught with sacred power, for those sweet girls
Were holiest teachers of the bliss reserved—
The full, deep blessedness awaiting all—
Who from the heart, thus keep that matchless law
"Love one another."—Long may those fair maids,
Amidst earth's flowers still cling together thus
And when, as flame still heav'n ward mounts, their "love
Becomes immortal" midst unfading bowers
May they for ever and for ever dwell!

EDITOR'S TABLE.



AMES MONTGOMERY, the POET, AND ELLIOTT THE CORN LAW RHYMER.—A correspondent of the Boston Atlas furnishes some interesting personal recollections of Montgomery and Elliott. He had

met Montgomery in Sheffield while on a visit to that neighborhood in eighteen thirty eight. Two years afterward, being in the same busy mart, he called upon him again.

"I had no difficulty," he says, "in finding my way to 'The Mount,' the name of his residence, and was fortunate enough to find him at home. We had a pleasant talk together, and, after dinner, he accompanied me to the literary institutions of the neighborhood, and it was quite delightful to observe with what marked attention and respect he was every where received. I noticed this to him, and said he must feel highly gratified by it. 'I am, of course,' he replied, 'but I have enemies. Not long since, some rascals broke into my house, one Sunday, while I was delivering an address at a chapel in Sheffield, (Mr. Montgomery sometimes preaches among his own people—the Moravians,) and stole, among other things, a silver inkstand, which had been given me by the ladies of Sheffield. However," he added, "the loss was but for a time, and proved to be the occasion of the greatest compliment to which, in my opinion, I ever had paid me. A few days after my loss, a box came directed to me, and, on opening it, lo! there was, uninjured, the missing inkstand, and a note, in which the writer expressed his regret that he had entered my house, and abstracted it. The thief said his mother had taught him some of my verses, when he was a boy, and, on seeing my name on the inkstand, he first became aware whose house he had robbed, and was so stung with remorse, that he could not rest until he had restored my property, hoping God would forgive him."

"On our way back to the house, our conversation turned on the poems of the 'Corn Law Rhymers,' of which Mr. Montgomery spoke in very high terms, but deprecated his violence of language. 'Would you like to see Elliott?' he asked.

"Much," said I.

"Well, he lives some three miles from here, at Uppertorpe; but he is to speak to-night, at a corn law meeting in Sheffield, and, if you like, after tea, we'll go and hear him, and I'll introduce you to him."

"At the time specified we set out—the place where the lecture was to be delivered was situated in one of the most densely inhabited portions of the smoky town of Sheffield. As we neared the hall, groups of

dark looking, unwashed artisans were seen, proceeding in the same direction as ourselves—all of them engaged in deep and earnest conversation on the then one great subject, the corn laws. Strong men, as they hurried by, clenched their hands, and knitted their brows, and ground their teeth, as they muttered imprecations on those whom they considered their oppressors.

"Here we would encounter a crowd of dusky forms circling around a pale, anxious man, who was reading, by the light of a gas lamp, a speech reported in the 'Northern Star,' or the last letter of Publicola, in the 'Weekly Despatch'—and women, with meagre children in their arms—children *drugged* to a death-like sleep, by that curse of the manufacturing districts of England—laudanum, disguised as Godfrey's cordial, were raising their shrill, shrewish voices, and execrating the laws which ground them to the dust—and there were fierce denunciations from mere boys, and treasonable speeches from young men—old men, with half paralyzed energies, moaned and groaned, and said they had never known such times—all seemed gaunt and fierce, and ripe for revolt. It was an audience of working men—of such as these, that Ebenezer Elliott was to address that evening.

"The lecturing hall was crammed with the working classes, and as the orator of the evening mounted the rostrum, a wild burst of applause rang from every part of the house. He bowed slightly, smiled sternly, and took a seat, while a hymn which he had composed for the occasion was roared forth by hundreds of brazen lungs.

"He was a man rather under than above what is termed the middle height. Like the class from which he sprang, and which he was about to address, he was dressed in working clothes—clothes plain even to coarseness. He had a high, broad, very intellectual forehead, with rough ridges on the temples, from the sides and summits of which thick stubby hair was brushed up—streaks of gray mixed with the coarse black hair—his eyebrows were dark and thick, and shaded two large, deep set, glaring eyes, which rolled every way, and seemed to survey the whole of that vast assembly at a glance. His nasal organ was as if it were grafted on his face; the mouth was thick lipped, and the lines, from the angles of the nostrils to the corners of the mouth, were deeply indented—graven in. A very black beard, lately shaven, made his chin and neck appear as if it was covered with dots, and he had a thick massive throat. His figure was indicative of great muscular strength, and his big horny fists seemed more fitted to wield a sledge hammer than to flourish a pen. Looking at him the most casual observer would be impressed with the idea that no common man was before him.

"He rose amidst great cheering, and for an hour and a half held that great audience in entire subjection by one of the most powerful addresses I ever listened to. With a terrible distinctness he painted

the situation of the working man—he showed what he might have been, and contrasted his possible and probable situation with what it then was. On the heads of those who opposed free trade, the corn law rhymers poured out all the vials of his wrath—but vigorous and forcible as was his language, there was no coarseness, and frequently, over the landscape which he had painted with all the wild force of a Spagnoletti or a Caravaggio, he flung a gleam of sunshine, which made the moral wilderness he had created to rejoice and blossom as the rose. And there were passages in his speech of such extreme pathos, that strong men would bow down and weep, like the little children—to these would succeed such sledge-hammer denunciations that his hearers sat with compressed lips, and glaring eyes, and resolute hearts. When he sat down, after an appeal to the justice of the law makers, the whole audience burst forth into one loud cheer, and those near the speaker gripped his hand in fierce delight. I never saw such a scene, nor could I have conceived it possible that one working man should so carry with him the passions and feelings of an audience, consisting entirely of those of his own class.

Montgomery introduced me to Elliott, and we all three walked to the house of the former together. How different from the man on the platform, was the man in the parlor. No longer the fervid orator, he was now the simple, placid poet; and I never before or since heard from mortal lips such powerful and yet pleasant criticisms on our literary men, as I did that night from the lips of Elliott. He spoke with great enthusiasm of Southey, whom he revered, despite his politics, and whom he called his "great master in the art of poetry." He had much reverence for Wordsworth; but I must not attempt to record the conversation. Suffice it to say, that after an hour's chat, our party of three broke up; one of them at least, not a little gratified with the events of the evening."

BALFE THE COMPOSER.—We alluded in our last number to the production in London of a new opera, called the "Enchantress," by Balfe, the composer of the "Bohemian Girl." It is to be brought out here we learn early this fall by Mr. and Mrs. Seguin and Mr. Frazer. In speaking of the "Enchantress," a London paper remarks.—"The descriptive pieces are clever, and the orchestra has been skilfully employed in furnishing sparkling effects. The opera, in short, will maintain the reputation of the composer. That reputation, certainly, is not referable to a very high standard; but as it is awarded by thousands of music-loving though musically uneducated people, the term of existence in store for the *Enchantress* is therefore not likely to be limited. Balfe is the only man to whom theatrical patrons, who bravely pay their money at the doors, will listen; and seeing that his songs and ballads are full of pleasing melody, have a graceful langor, and above all, are not hard of attainment by practising amateurs, it is not to be wondered at. As far as fancy and imagination are concerned, his operas are quite equal to those of Donizetti, and others of the same class, upon which the fashionable attention is turned

with so much fervor. He is a good tactician, and he knows how to write for the multitude; and to his credit it may be inferred that he has here and there awakened a feeling for music in the bosom of his listeners, which may have afterwards taken a loftier and more artistical direction."

The estimation in which this writer holds Balfe is, probably, the true one. His concluding remark should have weight with a certain class of individuals, who condemn his operas in sweeping terms because they do not conform to the highest musical standards. A composer for the multitude is as essential as a writer for the multitude. The A, B, C, must be learned before the book can be read, and its higher wisdom revealed.

Within the past year, there has been a kind of awaking up in the musical world around us. The opera is becoming more popular. May not this be legitimately traced to the production here of Balfe's opera of the "Bohemian Girl," the music of which is of so pleasing and graceful a character? We think it may. And if he have done so much good, let not the "rigidly righteous" in these matters indulge their censorious spirit too freely. Balfe's music will be popular—will do good in warming a musical taste into life—in spite of them. We shall look for the "Enchantress" with pleasure, and award to its composer the tribute of praise he deserves. He is not a Rossini nor an Auber. He is only Balfe the writer of music for the people. His operas may almost be called a series of ballads—but these are understood best, and touch quickest the heart of the multitude. In Italy he could not be so popular. There all classes understand and enjoy the highest musical achievements. It is not so with the Anglo-Saxon race. They have a sterner mission on earth than those who live under an Italian sky. Their education is in a severer school. But, they have hearts to love music, if music comes to their hearts; and whoever so brings it to their hearts will be their idol; his office will be a high one—he will elevate their taste, refine their sentiments, and prepare them for enjoying the beauties of this master art in its nobler achievements.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Sketches of Naples. by Alexandre Dumas. Translated from the French, by A. Roland. 1845—cheap edition.

We mentioned this very entertaining work in our July number. We now offer our readers an extract as a spice of its quality, being a description of the Lazzaroni of Naples. The closing paragraph expresses the Frenchman's national contempt for the English. This feeling shows itself frequently in his book. When he can give a traveling Englishman a thrust, he is sure to do it.

THE LAZZARONI.

"The lazzaroni, alas, is passing away; those who desire to see him must come quickly. Naples lighted with gas, Naples with restaurants, Naples with bazars, frightens the careless child of the Môle. The lazzarone, like the red Indian, retires before the

approach of civilization. The French occupation of '99 gave the first blow to the lazzarone. At this period the lazzarone enjoyed all the prerogatives of his terrestrial paradise: he did not give more business to the tailor than our first father, before the fall; he drank in the sun at every pore. Curious and simple, as a child, the lazzarone soon became the friend of the French soldier, whom he had fought. But the French soldier, above all things, loves propriety; he accorded his friendship to the lazzarone, he consented to drink with him at the cabaret, to walk with him arm-in-arm; but on one condition, *sine qua non*, that the lazzarone should put on some clothing.

"The lazzarone, proud of the example of his fathers, and of ten centuries of nudity, opposed the innovation for some time, but, at last, consented to make this sacrifice to friendship. This was the first step toward his destruction. After the first article of dress came the vest, after the vest will come the jacket. The day the lazzarone wears a jacket, the lazzarone will be no more; the lazzarone will have become extinct; the lazzarone will have passed from the real, into the conjectural world; the lazzarone will have entered the domain of science, and will rank with the mastodon and the ichthyosaurus. In the mean time, we have had the good fortune to be able to study this great passing race and will hasten to furnish data to the learned, by the aid of which, in their anthropological investigations, they may be enabled to ascertain the nature of the lazzarone.

"The lazzarone is the oldest son of nature; it is for him the sun shines, it is for him the sea murmurs, it is for him creation smiles. Other men have houses, other men have villas, other men have palaces, the lazzarone has the world. The lazzarone has no master, the lazzarone is amenable to no laws, the lazzarone is above social exigencies; he sleeps when he is sleepy, he eats when he is hungry, he drinks when he is thirsty. Other people rest when they are tired of work; the lazzarone, on the contrary, works when he is tired of resting. He works, not as in the north, plunging into the bowels of the earth to draw forth fuel; bending incessantly over the plough to render the ungrateful and rebellious earth fruitful, or traversing without intermission, inclined roofs and crumbling walls, at the risk of life and limb; his labor is pleasant, careless, embellished by songs and drolleries; interrupted by laughter, and moments of idleness. This labor continues for an hour, a half-hour, ten minutes, or one minute, and in that time brings enough to supply all the necessities of the day. What is this labor? Heaven, only, knows. A trunk carried from the steamboat to the hotel, an Englishman conducted from the Môle to Chiaja, three fish, escaped from the net which contained them and sold to a cook, the hand extended at random, in which the *stranger*, laughingly, lets fall an alms; such is the labor of the lazzarone.

"As to his food, this is more easy to describe; for, although the lazzarone belongs to the species omnivora, he, generally, eats but two things: the *pizza* and the *cocomero* or watermelon.

"The impression has gone out into the world, that the lazzarone lives upon macaroni; this is a great mistake, which it is time to correct. The

macaroni is, it is true, a native of Naples; but, at the present time, it is an European dish, which has traveled, like civilization, and which, like civilization, finds itself very far from its cradle. The macaroni, moreover, costs two sous a pound; which renders it inaccessible to the purse of the lazzarone; except upon Sundays and holidays. At all other times the lazzarone eats, as we have said, the *pizza* and the *cocomero*; the *cocomero* in summer, the *pizza* in winter. The *pizza* is a sort of bun; it is round, and made of the same dough as bread. It is of different sizes according to the price. A *pizza* of two farthings suffices for one person, a *pizza* of two sous is enough to satisfy a whole family. At first sight, the *pizza* appears to be a simple dish, upon examination it proves to be compound. The *pizza* is prepared with bacon, with lard, with cheese, with tomatoes, with fish. It is the gastronomic thermometer of the market. The price of the *pizza* rises and falls according to the rate of the ingredients just designated; according to the abundance or scarcity of the year. When the fish-*pizza* sells at a half grain, the fishing has been good; when the oil-*pizza* sells at a grain the yield of olives has been bad. The rate at which the *pizza* sells is, also, influenced by the greater or less degree of freshness; it will be easily understood that yesterday's *pizza* will not bring the same price as to-day's. For small purses, they have the *pizza* of a week old, which, if not agreeably, very advantageously, supplies the place of the sea-biscuit.

"The *pizza* as we have said is the food of winter. On the first of May the *pizza* gives place to the *cocomero*; but the merchandise, only, disappears, the merchant remains the same. The seller is like the ancient Janus, with a face which weeps upon the past and smiles upon the future. On the said day the *pizza-jolo* becomes the *mellonaro*. The change does not even extend itself to the shop; the shop remains the same. A pannier of *cocomeri* instead of a basket of *pizza* is now carried; a sponge is passed over the traces of oil, bacon, lard, cheese, tomatoes and fish which have been left by the winter comestible and all is done; we pass to the comestible of the summer. Fine *cocomeri* come from Castellamare; they have an appearance at once exhilarating and tempting; the lively rose color of the pulp is heightened by its contrast with the black seed. But a good *cocomero* is dear; one of the size of an eight pound ball sells for from five to six sous. It is true that a *cocomero* of this size, in the hands of an adroit retailer, will be divided into ten or twelve pieces. Every opening of a *cocomero* is a new exhibition; the opponents stand opposite and each endeavors to surpass the other in the adroitness and impartiality with which he uses the knife in dividing it. The spectators judge. The *mellonaro* takes a *cocomero* from the flat pannier where it is piled, with twenty others, like cannon balls in an arsenal. He smells it, he raises it above his head like a Roman Emperor the globe of the world. He cries: 'It is like fire!' which announces, in advance, that the pulp will be of the finest red. He cleaves it open at a single blow and presents the two hemispheres to the public one in each hand. If, instead of being red the pulp of the *cocomero* is yellow or

greenish, which indicates that it is of an inferior quality, the piece falls, the mellonaro is hooted, spit upon and cursed; three failures and the mellonaro is disgraced for ever. If the mellonaro perceives by its weight or odor that a cocomero is not good he makes no avowal of the fact. On the contrary, he presents it, more boldly, to the people; he enumerates its fine qualities, he boasts of its savory pulp, he extols its icy juice:

"You would like very much to eat this pulp? you would like much to drink this water!" he cries; but this is not for you; it is destined to delight more noble palates than yours. The king has ordered me to keep it for the queen."

"He passes it from his right to his left to the great amazement of the multitude who envy the happiness of the queen and admire the gallantry of the king. But if, on the contrary, the opened cocomero is of pleasing quality the crowd presses towards it and the retail commences.

"Although there may be but a single purchaser for the cocomero, there are generally three consumers. First, its real proprietor, who pays a half denier, a denier or a farthing for his slice, according to the size. He eats, aristocratically, very nearly the same portion which a well bred man consumes of a canteleup and passes it to a friend less fortunate than himself. The friend gets as much from it as he can and passes it in his turn to the dirty little urchin who waits this inferior liberality. The boy nibbles the rind and, after him, it is perfectly useless to attempt to glean any thing more.

"With the cocomero you may eat, drink and wash; so says, at least, the seller; the cocomero supplies at once, then, the necessary and the superfluous.

"The mellonaro does great wrong to the aquajolo. The aquajoli are the *coco* vendors of Naples except that, in place of an execrable decoction of liquorice, they sell excellent ice water, acidulated by a slice of lemon or perfumed with three drops of Sambuco. Contrary to what might be supposed, the aquajoli do the best business in winter. The cocomero quenches whilst the pizza increases thirst; the more cocomero one eats the less thirsty one becomes; one cannot swallow a pizza without risk of suffocation. The aristocracy therefore, sustain the aquajoli during summer. Princes, dukes and great lords do not disdain to stop their equipages at the shops of the aquajoli and take one or two glasses of this delicious beverage, which does not cost one farthing a glass. There is nothing more tempting in this burning climate than the shop of the aquajoli with its covering of leaves, its slices of lemon and its two vessels filled with ice water. For myself I never became tired of seeing it and I found this taking of refreshment, almost without stopping, a most delightful custom. There are aquajoli at every fifty steps; you have but to extend your hand in passing; the glass finds your hand and your mouth goes, itself, to the glass. But the lazzarone whilst eating his cocomero scorns those who drink.

"It is not sufficient, however, that the lazzarone eat, drink and sleep; the lazzarone must amuse himself. I know a woman of intelligence who contends, that there is nothing necessary, but the superfluous, and nothing positive but the ideal. This paradox seems

violent at first glance but, upon reflection, it will be seen that, as applied to fashionable people, there is some truth in the axiom. Now the lazzarone has many of the vices of fashionable people. One of these vices is a love of pleasure. He does not lack pleasures. Let us enumerate the pleasures of the lazzarone.

"He has the improvisator of the Môle.

"The improvisator is a tall thin man; he wears a glossy, threadbare black coat, which lacks three buttons before and one behind. He generally wears short-breeches that keep up, parti-colored stockings above the knee, or tight pantaloons that lose themselves in his gaiters. His battered hat indicates the many encounters he has had with the public, and his spectacles give evidence of the injurious effects of his long lectures upon his vision. This man has no name; he is called the *improvisator*.

"The improvisator is punctual as the clock of the church San-Ezidio. Every day, one hour before sun-set, he may be seen to issue from the corner of Castello-Nuovo along the Strada-del-Molo, with a grave and measured tread; holding in his hand a book bound in tawny leather, much worn and defaced. This book is the *Orlando Furioso* of the *divine* Ariosto.

"In Italy every thing is divine: they say the divine Dante, the divine Petrarch, the divine Ariosto and the divine Tasso. Any other epithet would be unworthy the majesty of these great poets.

"The improvisator has an audience of his own. It matters not whether this audience is laughing over the drolleries of Polichinello, or crying over the sermon of a Capuchin; it deserts all for the improvisator.

"The improvisator is like those great generals of ancient and modern times who knew each one of their soldiers by name. The improvisator knows all his circle; if one of his audience is missing, his eyes gives indications of great disquietude; if it happens to be one of his *appassionati*, he waits till he comes before he begins; or recommences when he does arrive.

"The improvisator reminds you of those great Roman orators who kept a flute-player constantly near them to furnish them with the proper pitch for their voices. His oration has neither the variations of a song nor the simplicity of a discourse. He begins in a heavy, drawling tone; but he soon becomes animated, as he proceeds. Rolando provokes Ferragus: his voice assumes the tone of menace and defiance. The two heroes prepare for battle: the improvisator imitates their gestures, draws his sword and secures his shield. His sword is the first stick within reach, which he most frequently takes from the hand of a bystander. His shield is his book; for he knows his Orlando so well by heart, that he will not find it necessary whilst the battle continues to refer to the text, which he lengthens or abbreviates, at pleasure, without fear of giving offence to the metromaniac genius of his audience. Oh! then the improvisator is a glorious sight.

"The improvisator, indeed, becomes an actor; in either the character of Roland or Ferragus, which he may have assumed, he gives and receives all the strokes of these worthies. As victor he presses hard upon his enemy, pursues, overturns, and strangles him at

the foot of the crowd, and raises his head in triumph. As vanquished he defends his ground, as he recedes inch by inch; bounds to the right and left, leaps backward, invokes God or the devil according as, at the moment, he is christian or pagan, employs all the resources of cunning and stratagems of weakness. At last pressed down by his adversary, he still fights upon his knee; overturned, he twists, rolls about, and then, seeing that all effort is useless, holds forward his throat, to die with the grace of a Gallic gladiator; an old tradition which the amphitheatre has attached to the Môle.

"If he is victor, he holds out his hat as if it were the helmet of a Belisarius, and claims, imperiously, his due; if vanquished he steals around with this shabby article of dress and humbly solicits an alms: so much have these meridional natures the power of transforming themselves and of becoming whatever they wish to be.

"We have said that, at Naples, many things were, unhappily, passing away; the improvisator is one of these. Why is the improvisator passing? What is the cause of his decline? Every body has asked this and no one has been able to make a satisfactory reply. It has been said that the preacher has commenced opposition to him. This is true. But look at the preacher and the improvisator upon the same ground, and you will see that the preacher holds forth to the desert, whilst the improvisator sings to the crowd. It cannot be the preacher, therefore, who has killed the improvisator.

"It has been asserted, Ariosto has grown old; that the madness of Roland is a little too well known; that the loves of Medor and Angelica eternally repeated, no longer possess any interest; and finally, that since the discovery of steamboats and lucifer matches, the sorceries of Merlin have been eclipsed. Nothing of all this is true and the proof is, that not a single night passes that the improvisator is not roused out of his sleep, by some impatient lazzarone, for a continuation of the story which he has cut off at the most interesting place. Thus it is seen that the improvisator does not lack an audience; the audience lacks an improvisator.

"I believe that I have discovered the cause of the decline of improvisation. It is this: the improvisator is blind, like Homer; he hold his hat to the crowd to obtain a small recompense for his services; this recompense, trifling as it may be, perpetuates the improvisator. Now, at Naples, when the improvisator goes round the circle, holding out his hat there are poetical and conscientious spectators who put their hand into it and leave a sou behind; but there are those who, misusing the same gesture, instead of putting in one sou take out two. The result is, that when the improvisator has finished his round, he finds his hat more empty than when he started, for even the lining has been abstracted. This state of things, as may be readily conceived, cannot endure; a subsidy is necessary to art; the subsidy withheld, art disappears. Now, as I doubt whether the Neapolitan government even furnishes supplies to the improvisator, the art of improvisation is about to disappear. One pleasure then, escapes the lazzarone, but thank heaven! in default of that, he has others.

"He has the king's review of his army, which takes place every eight days.

"The king of Naples is one of the most warlike kings upon earth: although young he has already made a change in the uniform of his troops. It was apropos to one of these changes, which are not effected without some damage to the treasury, that his grand-father, Ferdinand, a king full of good sense, made, to him, the memorable remark which proved the value set by him not, doubtless, upon the courage, but upon the composition of his army.

"My dear child," said he, "dress them in white or dress them in red, they will run nevertheless."

"That did not, however, arrest in the slightest degree the warlike disposition of the young prince. He continued to study the left wheel and the right wheel; he attained to perfection in the cut of the coat and the form of the cap; and finally, he continued to increase his army till the number of soldiers had reached fifty thousand. Fifty thousand soldiers, who march, halt and wheel at command as if they formed a single piece of machinery, is, as may be seen, a very pretty royal plaything.

"Let us now examine the material of which this machine is constructed; and we will endeavor to effect this, without doing the slightest injustice to the inventive genius of the king or to the individual courage of each soldier.

"The first corps, the privileged corps, the corps, *par excellence*, of all kingdoms which do not stand firmly, that to which is intrusted the charge of the palace, is composed of Swiss; their advantages are a higher pay, their privileges the right to wear a sabre in the city.

"The royal guard take the second place; in consideration of which fact, although they enjoy nearly the same advantages and privileges as the Swiss, they abhor these worthy descendents of William Tell, who have, in their eyes, committed an unpardonable crime, in taking the first rank.

"After the guard come the Sicilian legion, which abhors the Swiss because they are Swiss, and the Neapolitans because they are Neapolitans.

"After the Sicilians come the troops of the line who abhor the Swiss and the guard, because these two corps have advantages which they do not possess and privileges which are refused them; and the Sicilians for the simple reason that they are Sicilians.

"Finally come the gendarmes who in their capacity of gendarmes are naturally abhorred by all the other corps.

"These are the elements which compose the army of Ferdinand II; that formidable body which the Neapolitan government proffered to the emperor of Russia to form the advance-guard of the future coalition, to march against Franch. Now, put the Swiss and the guard, the Sicilians and the line into field, let the signal of combat be given by the gendarmerie, and Swiss, Neapolitans, Sicilians and gendarmes will cut each others' throats from the first to the last without giving back one inch. Oppose these five corps to the enemy and not one perhaps, will stand, for each is convinced that it has less to fear from the enemy, no matter how violent the attack, than from its allies.

"These things, however, do not prevent this military machine from being a very agreeable spectacle; and when the lazzarone sees it manœuvre, he claps his hands; when he hears the music he turns summersets; but when they exercise in firing he makes a speedy escape, for a ram-rod might by accident remain in some one of the guns.

"But the lazzarone has other pleasures still. He has the bells which ring every where else, but which play tunes at Naples. The lazzarone's instrument is the bell. More happy than Guildenstern who refused at Hamlet's request to play on the flute because he did not know how to play, the lazzarone is able to play upon the bell without having learned. Does he wish after resting a long time, to take some exercise, for the benefit of his health, he enters a church and begs the sexton to permit him to ring the bell, the Sacristan, delighted at the relief, hesitates, to give more value to the concession and then puts the cord into the hands of the lazzarone. The lazzarone then flies about with the rope, up and down drawn by the weight of the bell, whilst the sexton looks on with crossed arms.

"He has a carriage which takes him about gratis. There is not a servant at Naples, who will stand behind a carriage, neither is there a master who will permit his servant to occupy the seat along side of him. Consequently the waiter takes his seat by the side of the driver and the lazzarone mounts behind. Every attempt has been made to dislodge the lazzarone from this post, but every means has failed; the thing has become a custom, and like all things which have passed into a custom at Naples, has now the force of a law.

"He has the puppet show. The lazzarone does not enter the house where the piece is played, it is true. At the puppet show admission to the first boxes costs five sous, to the orchestra, three sous, and the parquette, six farthings. These exorbitant prices are beyond the means of the lazzarone. But, for the purpose of attracting customers, the principal puppets, in their grand costume, are displayed in front of the theatre. There are to be seen King Latinus with his royal mantle, his sceptre in his hand and his crown upon his head; the queen Amata in a grand gala robe, her head bound with the filet, by which she is to be strangled; the pious Enæas, holding in his hand the great sword with which he is to slay Turnus; the young Lavinia, with orange flowers in her hair; and finally Polichinello. Polichinello, that important personage and universal diplomatist, cotemporary of Talleyrand, of Moses and Sesostrius, is charged to maintain peace between the Trojans and Latins; when he loses all hope of accomplishing this duty, he climbs up into a tree to witness the battle and only descends to inter the dead. This is what is shown to him, this happy lazzarone! and this is all he desires. He knows the characters, his imagination supplies the rest.

"He has the Englishman. Peste! we had forgotten the Englishman.

"The Englishman, who is more to him than the improvisator, more than the review, more than the bells, more than the puppet show; the Englishman, who not only affords him pleasure, but money; the Englishman, his wealth his property; the Englishman, whom he precedes to point out his way, whom he

follows to steal his handkerchief; the Englishman, to whom he sells his curiosities; the Englishman for whom he procures antique medals; the Englishman, to whom he teaches his idiom; the Englishman, who throws sous into the sea for him to dive after; the Englishman, finally, whom he accompanies on his excursions to Puzzuoli, Castello-a-mare, Capri or Pompeii. The Englishman, systematically original, sometimes rejects the licensed guide or the numbered ciccone, and take the first lazzarone who presents himself; for the Englishman possesses an instinctive affinity for the lazzarone, and the lazzarone has a calculating sympathy for the Englishman."

"It must also be said that the lazzarone is not only a good guide, he is also a good counsellor. During my sojourn at Naples a lazzarone gave an Englishman three pieces of advice, which the latter found to be of great value. The counsel, besides giving the utmost satisfaction, brought six piastres into the lazzarone's pocket, which afforded him a certain and tranquil livelihood for six months."

Who shall be Heir? By Miss Ellen Pickering, author of "Nan Darrell," "The Secret Foe," &c. &c. E. Ferrett & Co.: Philadelphia, 1845.

This is the third of Miss Pickering's admirable novels, issued in cheap form by E. Ferrett & Co.

Pictorial History of the World, by John Frost, L. L. D. Nos. 3, 4 and 5. Walker & Gillis, Philadelphia.

In noticing the first and second numbers of this elegant publication, we spoke at length of both its literary and artistical merit. The three numbers now before us exhibit a steady and marked progressive improvement in the style of the embellishments—an improvement as gratifying as it is creditable to all engaged in getting up the work. We are much pleased to hear that this "History of the World" meets with a very large sale. When completed, it will be a book of which the author and artists engaged in producing it may well be proud.

Sketches of Irish Character. By Mrs. S. C. Hall—Illustrated edition.—Nos. 22, 23 and 24. E. Ferrett & Co.

We are pleased to see this work at length completed, and that, too, in a style that reflects so much credit upon the publishers. It is one among the most beautiful books yet issued from the American press, and when bound up in a corresponding style of elegance, will be a rich edition to every library. Its merit is undoubted. These "Sketches" are some of the freshest, most graphic, and deeply pathetic in the language. They are in the author's very best vein. No book we have is more worthy of the elegant typography, and elaborate embellishment that have been bestowed upon this.

✂ The reader will perceive that, in making up our editorial budget, we have not done much with the pen; but for this we think no one will find it hard to forgive us, who has felt the debilitating effects of

our July weather. With the thermometer ranging from 80° to 100°, it is no easy task for the brain to act. But, as we have furnished, besides the editorial, some fifty pages of MS. for this number, we do not feel very strong conceptions of conscience in regard to not having dealt fairly towards our subscribers. So far as the quality of this number is concerned, we know that it will meet with approval.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

FRANKENSTEIN'S PICTURES.—We had hoped to be able to give, in this number, another of Frankenstein's original American views, but have been disappointed. For our next number, however, we have ready "Belevieu Springs," a picturesque spot, one mile below Niagara Falls. In October we will publish, "Bank Lick," heretofore announced. Besides this we have two other of Frankenstein's Western views in the hands of the engravers. One more, at least, besides "Bank Lick" we expect to give in this volume. For 1846 we shall make arrangements to publish some six or eight Western and Southern views, many of them by the young and gifted artist from whom the above mentioned original views have been purchased.

CHEAP MUSIC.—We are going on, as rapidly as possible, to supply the increasing demand for cheap music. During the month we have published

Fourteen favorite Galopades, By the most popular composers, for - - - 25 cts.

Thirteen popular Waltzes, By various composers, for - - - 25

Melodies of Ireland, consisting of 8 songs and 5 pieces, composed by Charles Jarvis, - 25

And we have in press, and nearly ready
Moore's melodies No 1, consisting of eight of
Moore's Songs and Ballads, - - - 25

Four sets of popular Cotillions, - - - 25

Flowers of Melody, consisting of ten popular
Songs and Ballads, - - - 25

Songs of Fancy—nine in number, - - - 25

The Melodies of Lord Byron, - - - 12½

Songs and Ballads of T. Haynes Bayley, No 1, 25

Twelve popular Quicksteps, - - - 25

Fourteen celebrated Marches, - - - 25

Seven Vocal Duets, by popular composers, 25

A set of Punch's Mazurkas, - - - 12½

Gems from the Opera of Cinderella, - 25

" " " Sonnambula, - 25

" " " Fra Diavolo, - 25

" " " Guy Mannering, 25

" " " Postilion of Lonjumeau, 25

Besides these we have other novelties in preparation. As quickly as it can be done, we will get up a quantity of music especially intended for learners, and thus supply what is so much needed, a progressive series of well adapted pieces for instruction on the piano, at a price within the reach of all. The expense attendant upon a musical education, taking music at the prices which have prevailed, all parents

who have been compelled to pay music bills, known to be a serious item. But a reform in this matter is at hand. The old order of things must speedily pass away; and our labors in the new field shall be untiring. To ensure correctness, and thus set at rest on the threshold of our operations, the specious allegation that music so cheap cannot be correctly arranged, &c. we have employed, to edit the whole of our musical publications, a professor and composer of the first ability—one known to be thoroughly proficient.

As to the appearance of our music, no fault can be found with that. It is printed on the finest paper in the market, and the impression is clear and beautiful. As to the price, we have put it, in the offstart, at a minimum rate—we believe that it cannot be furnished lower, except in some rare instance, when the sales promise to be enormous. At our prices, it requires large editions to pay a profit.

FRY'S GRAND OPERA OF LEONORA.—We announce, with pleasure, the fact, that we have entered into an arrangement with Mr. W. H. Fry, for the exclusive publication of his Opera of LEONORA, which will be issued entire, in the original key, with recitatives, chorusses, orchestral accompaniments, &c. &c. for the low price of \$2 50 per copy.

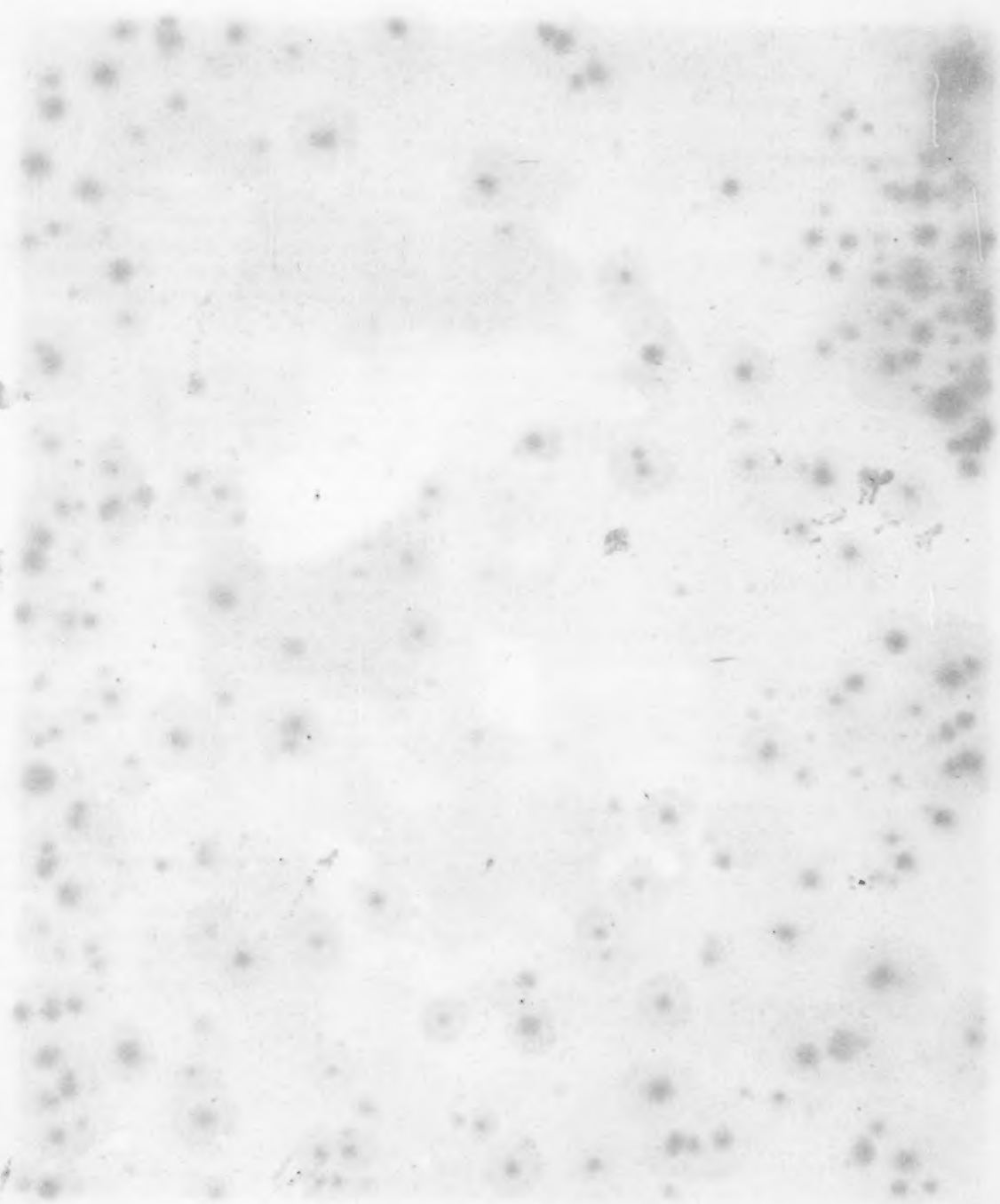
This arrangement is made with a view to supply the lovers of classical music with a genuine copy of the first AMERICAN OPERA. In order further to meet the wants of the musical world, the favorite airs, both vocal and instrumental, will be culled from the opera, and arranged in lower keys for general use. This music will be handsomely printed, and like our other musical publications, be furnished at very low prices.

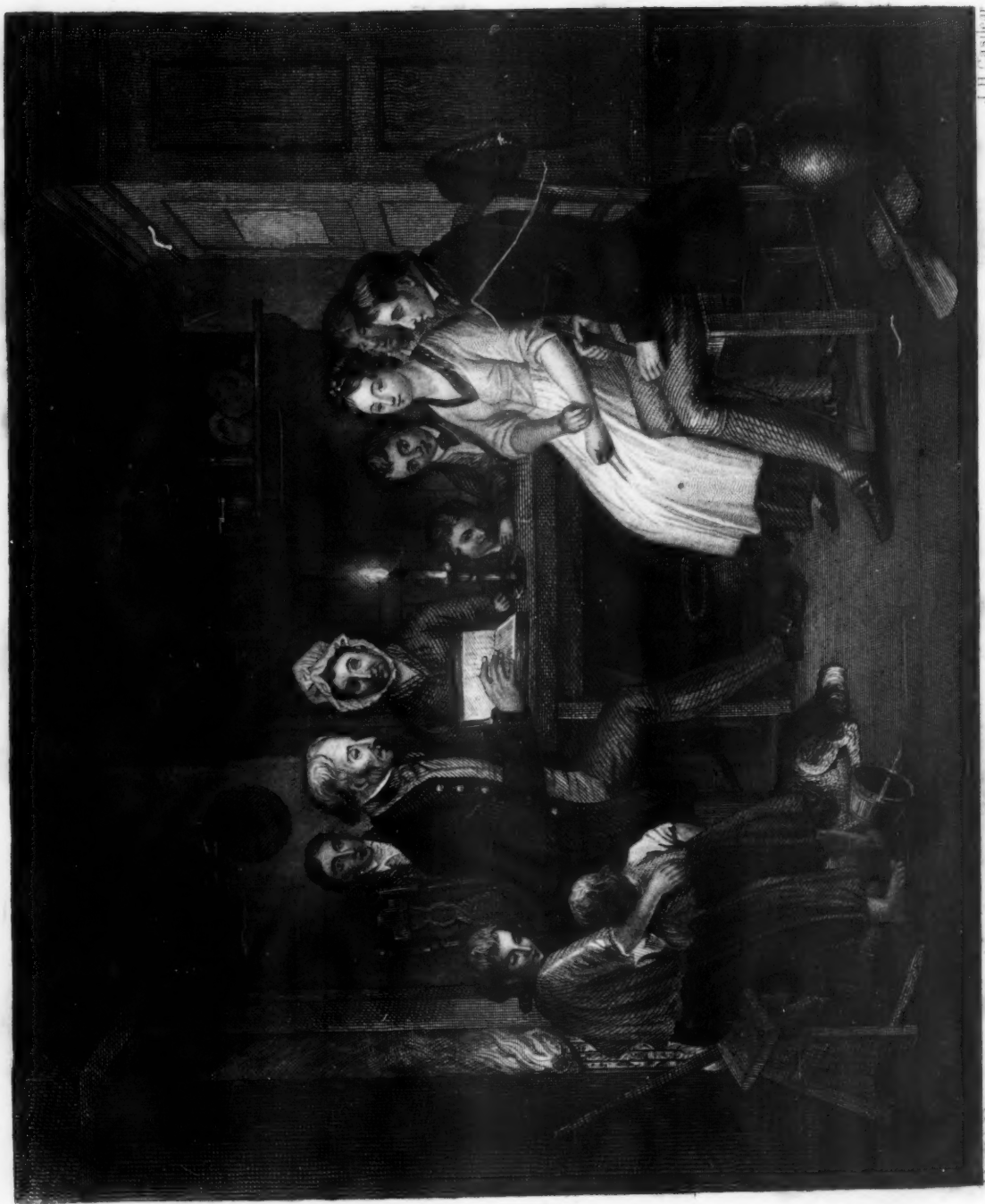
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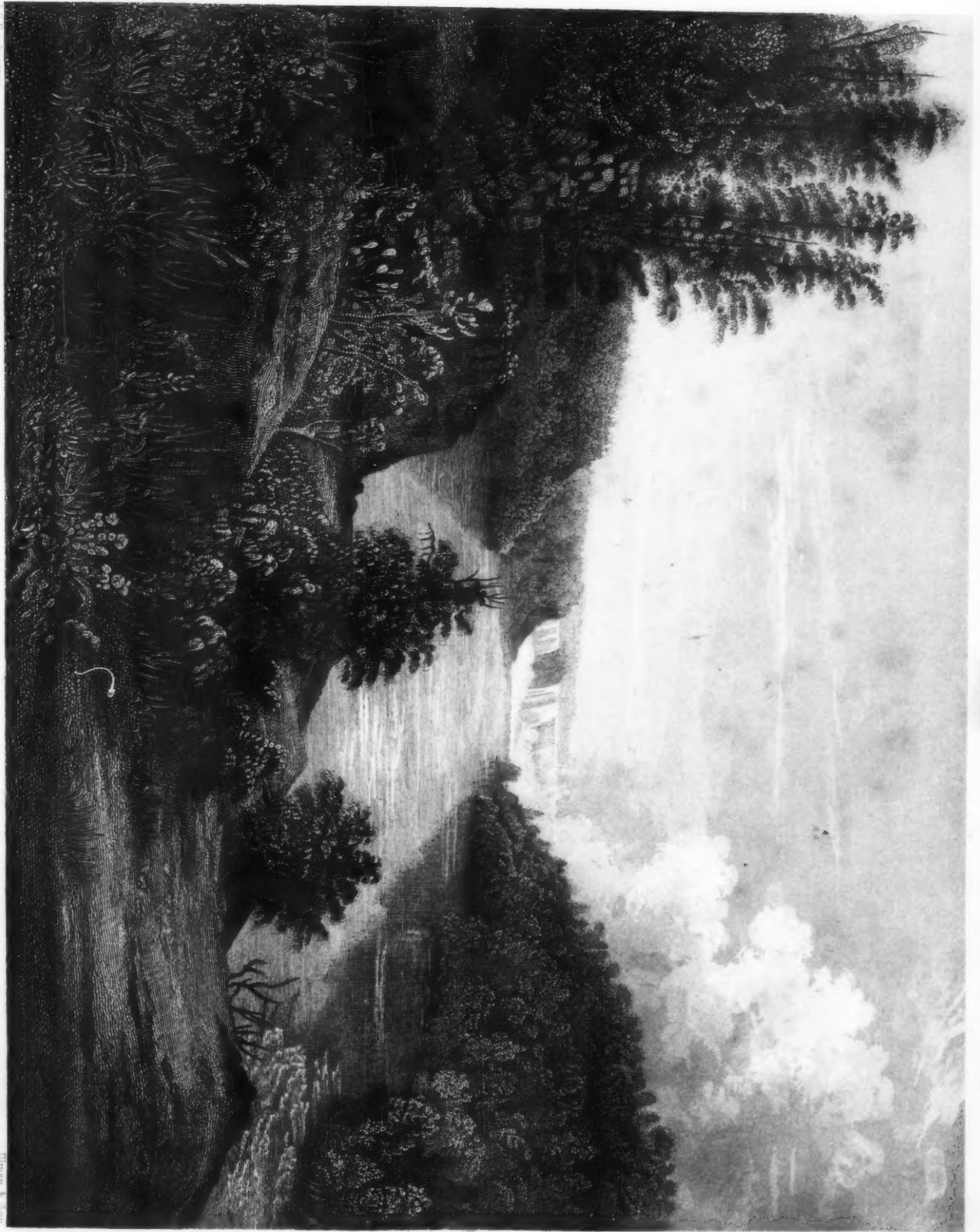
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